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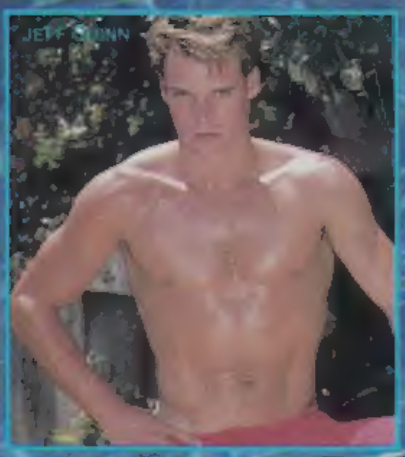

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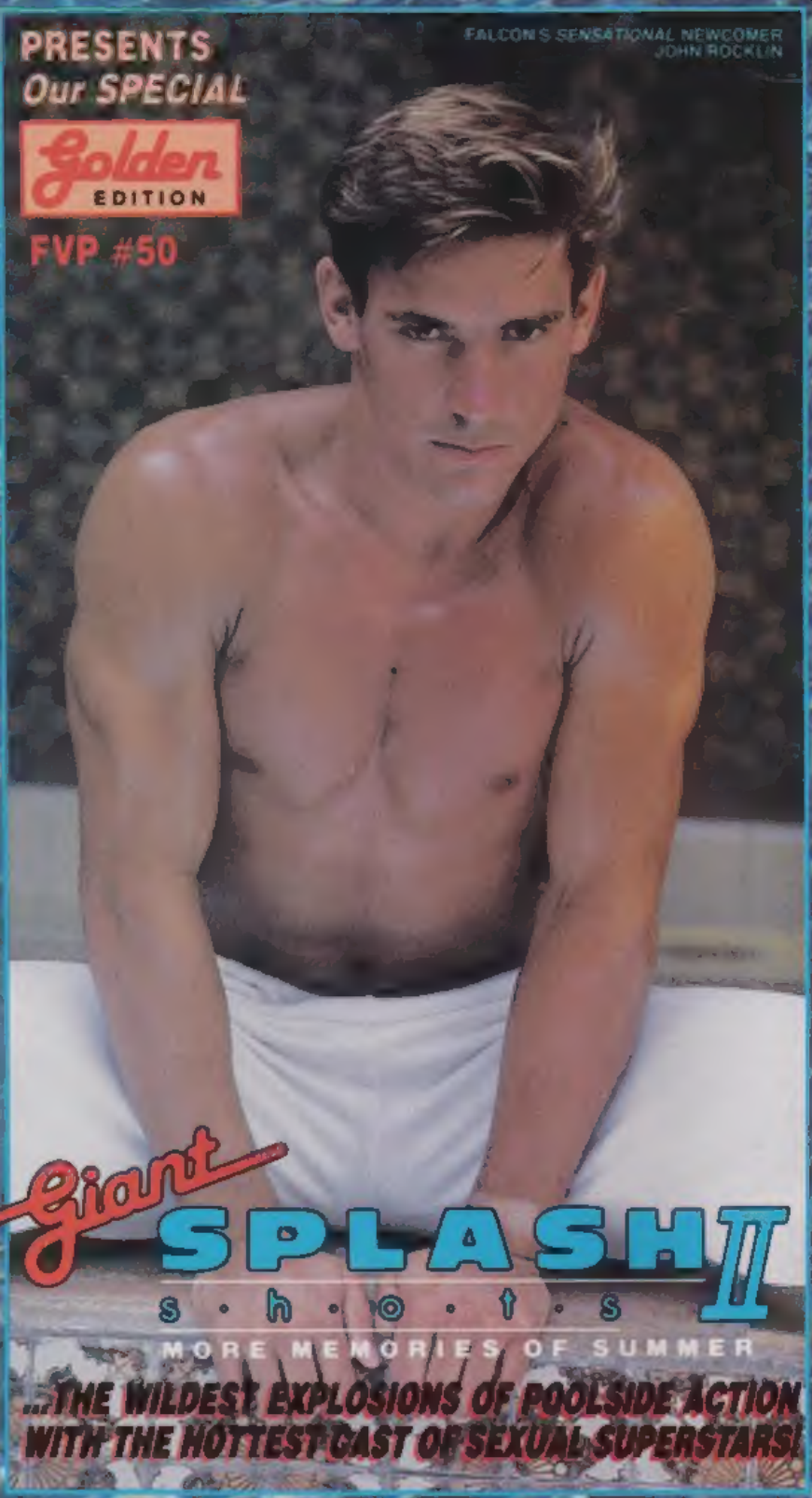

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HONCHO

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COVER BY KRISTEN BJORN

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CHARTER MEMBER
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MARINES, LET'S FUCK.

BY JOSEPH PATTON • PHOTOS BY HAND HELD STUDIO

Driving down Santa Monica Boulevard one warm December morning, I couldn't help but notice the billboard that shouted: "Hal Horsley wants YOU!" A larger-than-life likeness of "Mr. Supercock" in Marine fatigues—his eyes blue and gigantic—looked out over the stream of rush-hour traffic with attitude to burn.

When I got to the office I made a few calls and got through to Peter Long, who'd discovered Hal sweating in the sun on a wild country beach and quickly put him in all-male porno flicks, the most outstanding I'd ever seen, different from anything I'd seen anywhere.

"Tell you the truth," Peter said, "until you've seen Hal's new video, you haven't met the real Hal Horsley!"

"That's exactly what I'd like to do," I suggested.

Peter invited me over and gave me an eyeful of *Marines, Let's Fuck*—Hal's most erotic epidermal epic ever. When he wasn't working, I discovered, Hal spent most of his time at a private hideout in the desert. It was a spectacular day—clear, dry, 75 degrees in the winter sunshine—and soon I was heading south toward the secluded hideaway.

I leaned back in the seat and recalled Hal—whose image crossed Ralph Lauren's ruggedness and Calvin Klein's young sensuality—getting a lip-lock on the head of his cock in the kinky *Sexcapades*, being blown by blond hotshot Chris Scott in *The Men from Malibu*, and ordering the spunky new recruit in *Marines, Let's Fuck* to do 500 push-ups—between Hal's widespread legs!

Arriving shortly after noon, I was met at the front door by Hal himself. He showed me into a huge room where he poured tequilas for us both. Warm and friendly, Hal Horsley is as impressive in the flesh as on the screen: six feet from head to toes, and shoulders a yard wide, with that distinctive craggy face. He was dressed in blue jeans, an unbuttoned work shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and desert boots.

"Have you seen the movie?" he asked, his wide-set blue eyes twinkling.

"All of them," I said, smiling. "Tell me how it came about. How did a Midwestern cowboy become the King of the Silver Porno Screen?"

"I lived on a farm in Nebraska when I was a kid," Hal told me, "and I played good football on the school team. Sometimes on Friday nights I still think I can hear the announcer barking out the lineup: 'Now starting at fullback . . . number 33 . . . Hank Horsley.' I'm Hank," he explained. "That's Hal in the videos."

The man I was talking to looked like he'd been transported back to one of those crisp autumn Friday nights when he stood in the end zone, the crowd screaming, the lights and the view of the opposing players pumping him with adrenaline. "Life was simple then," he said with a grin. "I was a high-school hot dog. I took care of the basics—ate, drank, and slept football."

Hank may have been a jock, but he wasn't dumb. With plenty of chances to check out his teammates, he saw that even among athletes he was a special breed. He could see the hot looks in the other players' eyes and, in one of them, something else

besides.

"It was after a big game," he recalled. "Matt and I were the last guys in the locker room. Matt stepped out of the shower and was drying off. He started talking about these girls we were taking out Saturday night, but I wasn't listening. My eyes were glued to his butt sticking out real far. My cock did a double somersault and pushed against the pouch of my jock.

"The next thing I knew Matt was dropping his eyes. The cherry-red head of my rod was poking above the waistband. Matt couldn't take his eyes away from it. In those days all us jocks had a motto: When in doubt, whip it out. That's just what I did. 'You want it that bad,' I told him, 'suck it.'

"Matt was on the floor in two seconds. I grabbed him by the back of the head and jammed my cock between his lips. After awhile I turned him around and put the head of my cock against his tight little hole. At first he wasn't sure he wanted a big dick in there, but he wasn't sure he *didn't* want it, either," Hank chuckled. "After that, Matt and I didn't blow our money on chicks trying to get laid.

"At the end of my senior year, coaches came calling in droves, but my benchpress total was higher than my SAT scores." It didn't matter; Hank had "all the tools" the college recruiters were interested in. "For a guy who had fumbled his way through high school, my first year at Texas A&M was a real eye-opener. At the end of the first semester my grade average was a whopping 1.2! At the rate I was going, the coach said it would take me eight more years to graduate. 'Great!' I shot back. 'I'll have eight more spring breaks.'

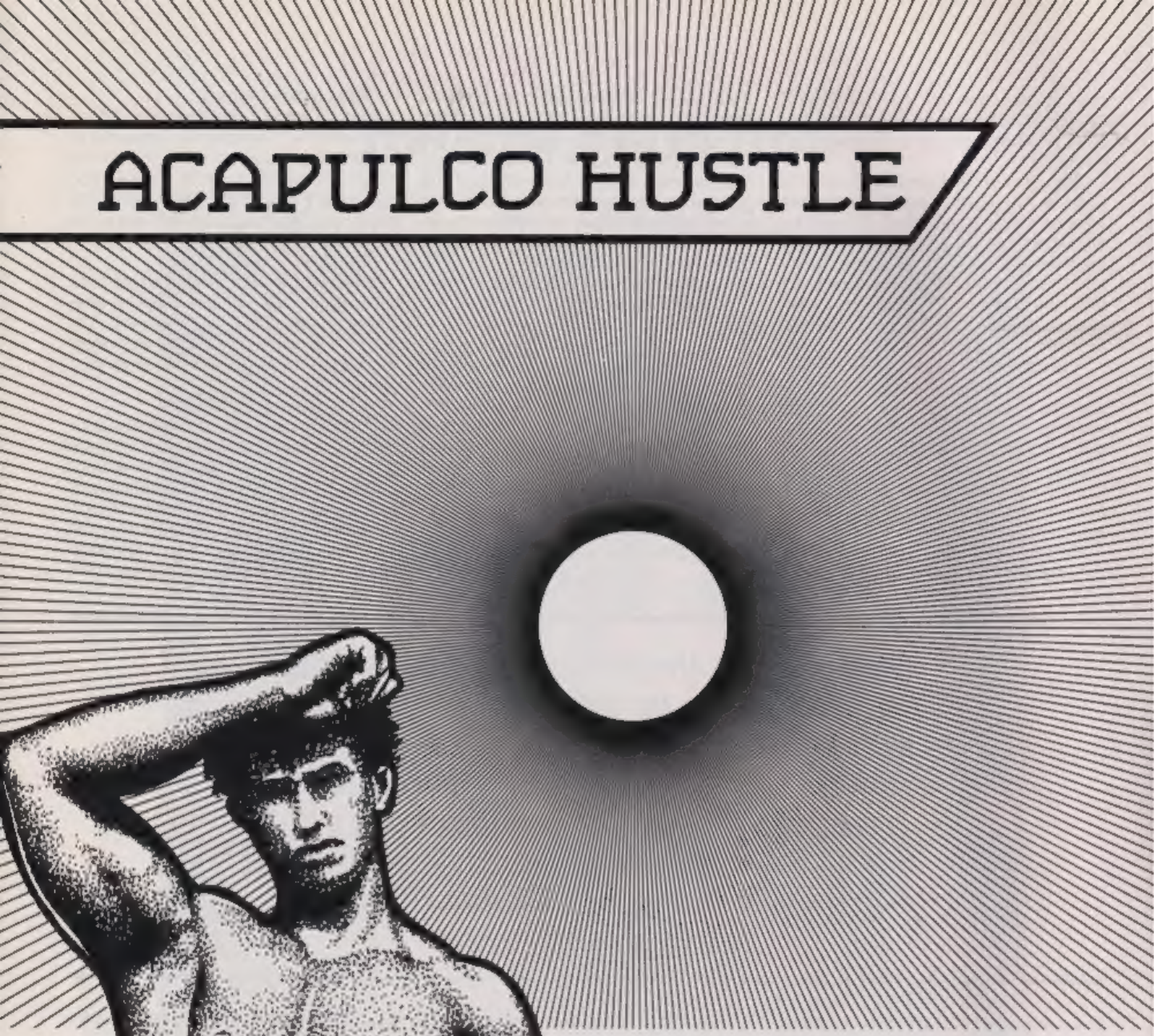
"By the end of the year, I was ineligible to play football. The only way I could play was to get my average up. And I had to do it with my own money. I answered an ad in the school paper for art-class models and was asked if I'd pose in the nude.

"I just stood there with my jaw hanging open. 'Can't I wear a jock?' I blurted out. The professor gestured me toward the door. There were a dozen guys waiting outside. 'I'll do it,' I said.

"At first I was a little uneasy, but I've got a great body and I've always been something of an exhibitionist. I remember sitting there, my mind flashing pictures of me and Matt in the locker room. My cock shot out strong and wide and long, straight past my navel.

"After class I saw the prof coming toward me and I figured it was all over. He must have known what I was thinking because he threw his hands up in the air. 'There's nothing to worry about, Hank,' he assured

ACAPULCO HUSTLE

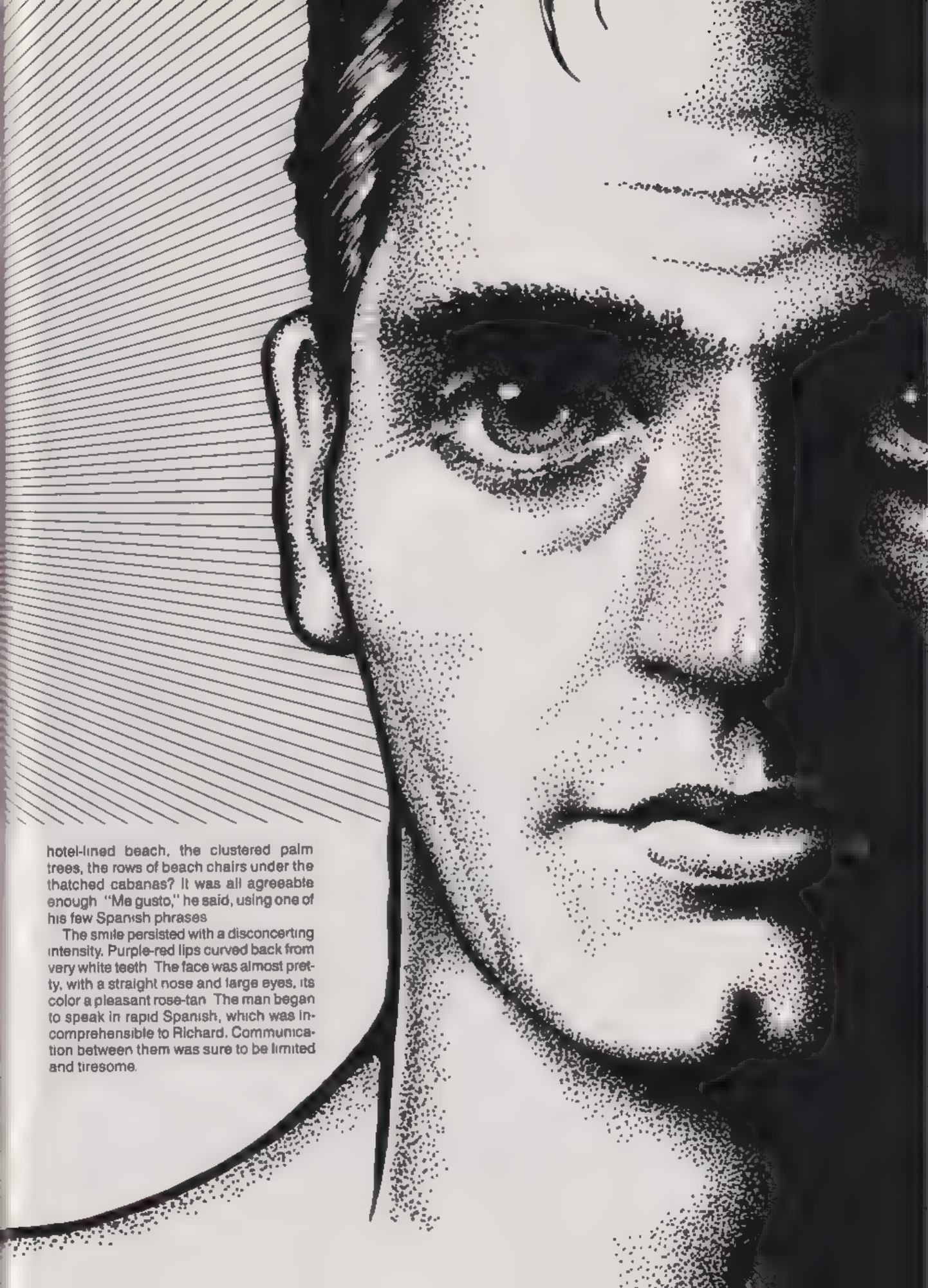


Richard Waller grew aware of the short brown man standing at the water's edge smiling at him. Smiling at him? But why? Richard was suspicious of strangers' smiles in Acapulco. He nodded briefly, then moved again into the warm, gently stirring water. He felt drowsy and disoriented by the sun and the blended sounds reaching him. Big birds hung motionless in the cloudless sky. The water moved up and down his thighs.

When he looked around he saw that the man was standing close beside him now. And still smiling. Neatly built, he had a tapered waist and, unlike the stocky, rounded native men usually seen along the beach, his stomach was flat. "You like?" he asked softly.

Do I like what? Richard wondered. The sparkling blue water, the opulent curve of

BY VIRGIL SCOTT • ART BY ALEXANDER



hotel-lined beach, the clustered palm trees, the rows of beach chairs under the thatched cabanas? It was all agreeable enough. "Me gusto," he said, using one of his few Spanish phrases.

The smile persisted with a disconcerting intensity. Purple-red lips curved back from very white teeth. The face was almost pretty, with a straight nose and large eyes, its color a pleasant rose-tan. The man began to speak in rapid Spanish, which was incomprehensible to Richard. Communication between them was sure to be limited and tiresome.

After his strange encounter with the man on the beach, Richard sought his face in the mirror. It was the face of a man who had been married for 20 years and had fathered two hulking sons. A man who never even thought of taking a walk on the wild side. But that bum on the beach had detected a vulnerability kept carefully hidden through the years. Damn him!

Richard assumed an expression of polite dismissal, then swam out a bit further and stood up. But the little man soon surfaced beside him. "Me Armando," he said. "Usted?"

"Smith," Richard lied. He certainly wasn't going to tell any beach character his real name.

Armando continued to speak in his blend of languages. Did Richard stay at the big hotel behind them? Did it cost much money? Richard must be very rich. All Americns had much money.

Richard grew annoyed and started to move away, but abruptly the little man caught his hand and pressed it against the small bulge of his crotch. Richard gasped and yanked his hand away. He knew he should strike in outrage—but he didn't. Instead he turned in sudden panic and splashed awkwardly toward the shore—and yes, the other followed. Richard paused as he neared the beach, feeling himself visible from every window in the looming hotel. "Qué quieres?" he snapped angrily.

"Dos mil," Armando answered quickly. Two-thousand pesos—14 dollars—for the services of this local whore, for it was now obvious to Richard what Armando was.

Contemptuously, he sneered. 'Demasiado!"

Armando did not seem surprised. "You amigo," he whispered. "Mil pesos. Go hotel?'

Go hotel indeed! Richard didn't even want to be seen talking to him. Imagine leading him across the onyx lobby to the elevator under the cynical gaze of the desk clerk. "Imposible," he snorted.

Armando seemed to understand. "Go hotel—Zocalo," he countered, pointing in the direction of Acapulco's dingy downtown area. "Taxi."

Richard turned and headed toward the spot where his towel and clothing waited on the sand. Armando followed closely. Richard shrank from the idea of shouting or striking out. Other hotel guests were but a few yards away and he didn't want an embarrassing scene. In his shoe he had secreted a 500-peso note for a drink after his swim, and now he pulled it out and shoved it at Armando. Anything to make him leave. "Get lost!" he muttered.

"En la calle," Armando said quickly. "La Costera—Espero."

"Oh, sure," Richard snapped. "You wait in the street." He scooped up his belongings and hurried up the stairs into the lobby. Glancing back he could see Armando watching him. He turned quickly and hurried, barefooted, to the elevator and pressed the button.

When he got to his room he was trembling. That bastard! That nervy little bastard! He should have pounded that smirking brown face. But he hadn't. Some compelling emotion had kept him from it, kept him intrigued and powerless. He had wanted to linger, and explore.

He sought his face in the mirror. Round and sun-flushed, it looked exactly as he wanted it to. It was the face of a man who had been married for 20 years and had fathered two hulking sons. A man who went to church and kept his lawn mowed. A man who never even thought of taking a walk on the wild side. But that little bum on the beach had detected a vulnerability kept carefully hidden through the years—a vulnerability almost forgotten until today. Damn him!

How he wished he was away from this steamy place with its palm trees and big hotels and hillside hovels. He longed for his tree-lined street. He thought of walking up his front steps and opening the door. He would hear music from the boys' room and the sound of Ellen in the kitchen. "I'm home," he would call as he had for 20 years. Two more days and he would be free to leave this alien land and return to the safety of his comfortably worn groove.

"We're giving you a treat, Dick," A.J. had said last week. "You've been working so hard that Bob and I thought we'd let you take the Southwest-Stevens file to Acapulco. How does that sound to you? We'll put you up for a week in a beachfront hotel where you can just lay around and take it easy for a few days. The fishing is terrific down there. You've got to try it. Why, last year I caught—You'd better get out of here before I change my mind and go to Acapulco with that file myself."

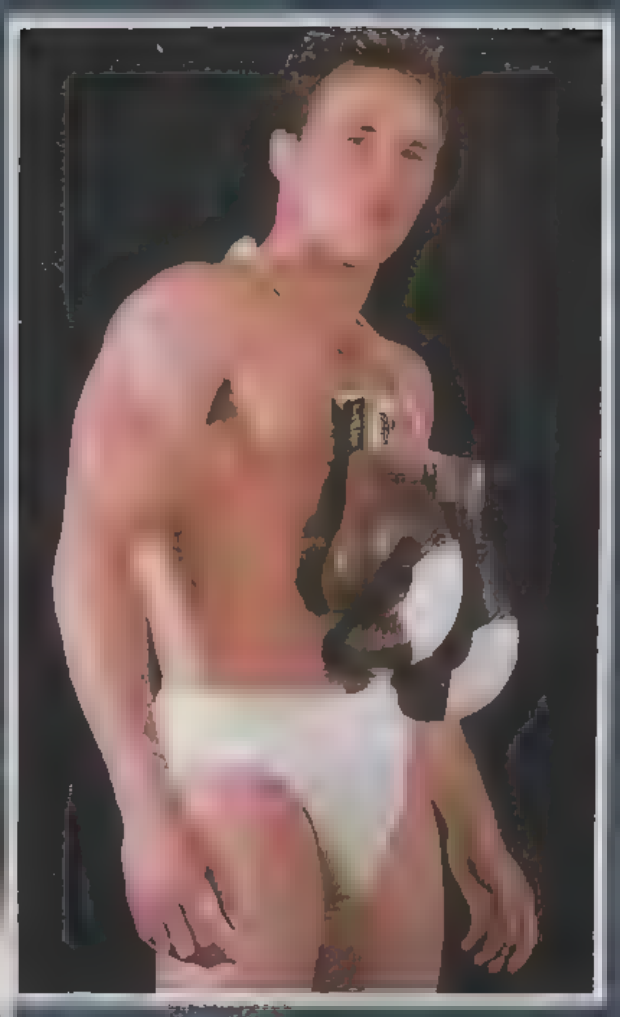
Richard had tried to act pleased, but he really didn't want to go. It would have been different if Ellen could have gone along. But to go on such a trip alone. Why did everyone think it would be a treat for him?

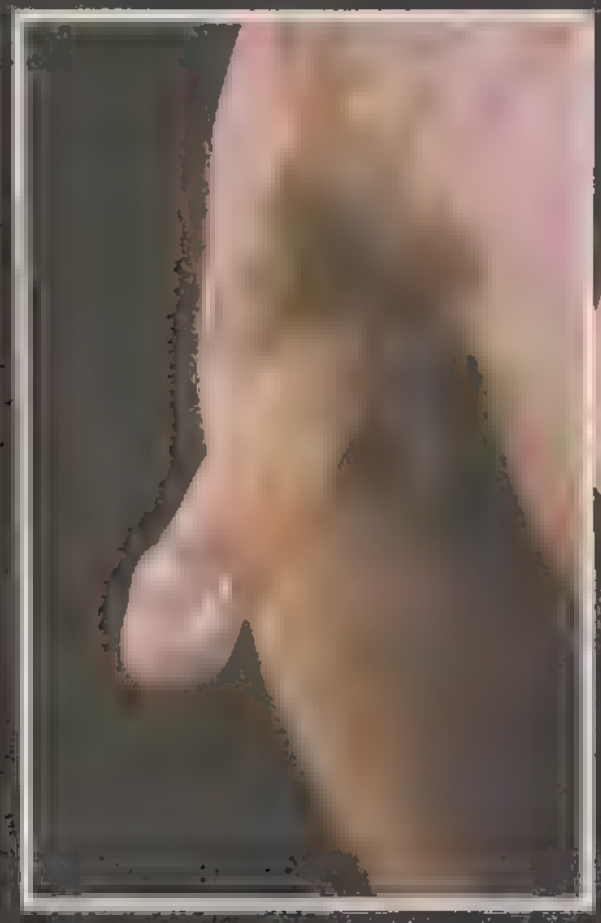
The business with Southwest-Stevens had taken only a couple of days, which left him with four days of idleness before he could return home. He wasn't good at idling. Without routines and tasks he grew bored and restless. On the first day he sat on the beach and drank sweet concoctions named "Acapulco Sunset," and the combination of those drinks and the sun kept him close to his room all the next day. When he felt better he stayed away from the bars and out of the sun. He read several paperback mysteries and did some shopping—jewelry for Ellen, shirts for the boys—but most of the time he stayed on his balcony and watched the beach below. Outside of hotel employees he talked to no one. Except for Armando. He had gone for an innocent swim and encountered that bastard. Well, he'd not go to the beach again.

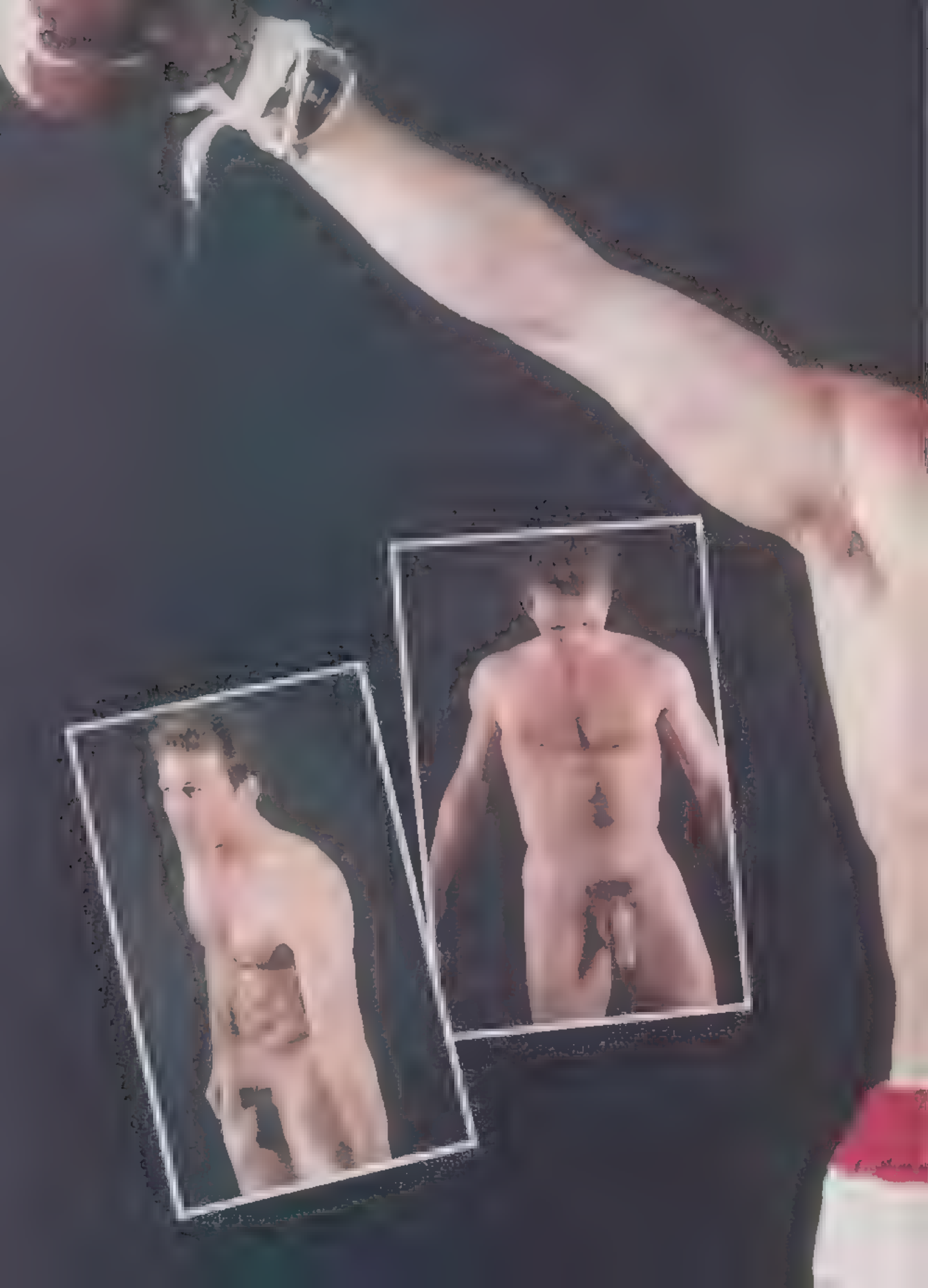
But he was in no mood now to sit quietly on the balcony and read another paperback. He remembered that A.J. had almost commanded him to go fishing, so he might as well get that over with now. It would tire him, turn his mind to safer channels. He took out the old jeans and shirt he had brought along for this very purpose and put them on. Because he feared pickpockets he did not take his passport or wallet with him. It was always best to be careful. He put a quantity of peso notes in his pocket, enough to pay for a day of fishing.

Dropping his key at the desk, he went out into the brilliant sunlight. Before him, traffic roared unceasingly along the Costera Alemán, and a few blocks to the left were the fishing boats for hire. He went

Continued to page 28







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MARINES, LET'S FUCK

Continued from page 9

Hank pulled out and kneeled right over me. He shook his cock once, twice, and hot shots of syrupy sperm splashed across my face and into my open mouth

He bent down and our lips locked in a horny kiss. Our tongues duelled. My mouth was still filled with Hank's semen, sweet and gooey on my tongue, and now the saliva and sperm that had filled my mouth filled his, too. As our lips came unglued, a long string of semen ran from the tip of my tongue to the tip of Hank's

"Man alive! You're a five-star fuck," Hank gushed, snapping the string that joined us together. "How would you like to be in the movies?" For a moment I didn't think he was serious. "I'm looking for guys with enough muscles to fill an undershirt, enough cock to fill a jock, and enough talent to play the part."

"What part is that?"

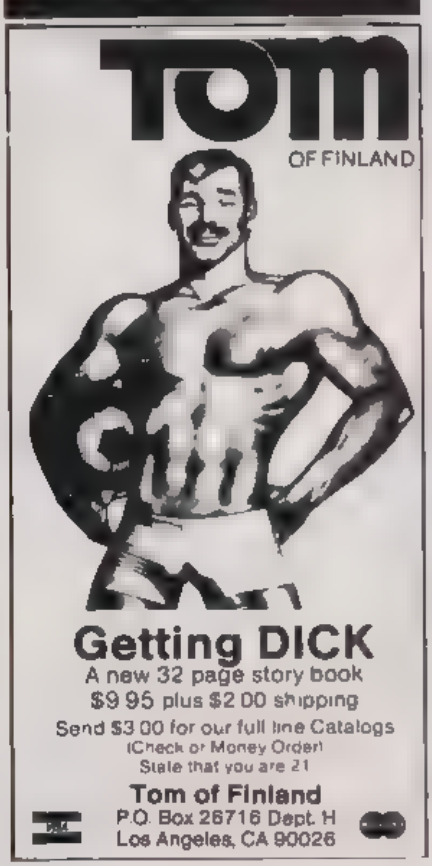
"Oh, I don't think you'll have any trouble," he assured me, lifting my ass right off the floor and pointing up my pokehole. "That's where your talent is. Whaddya say?"

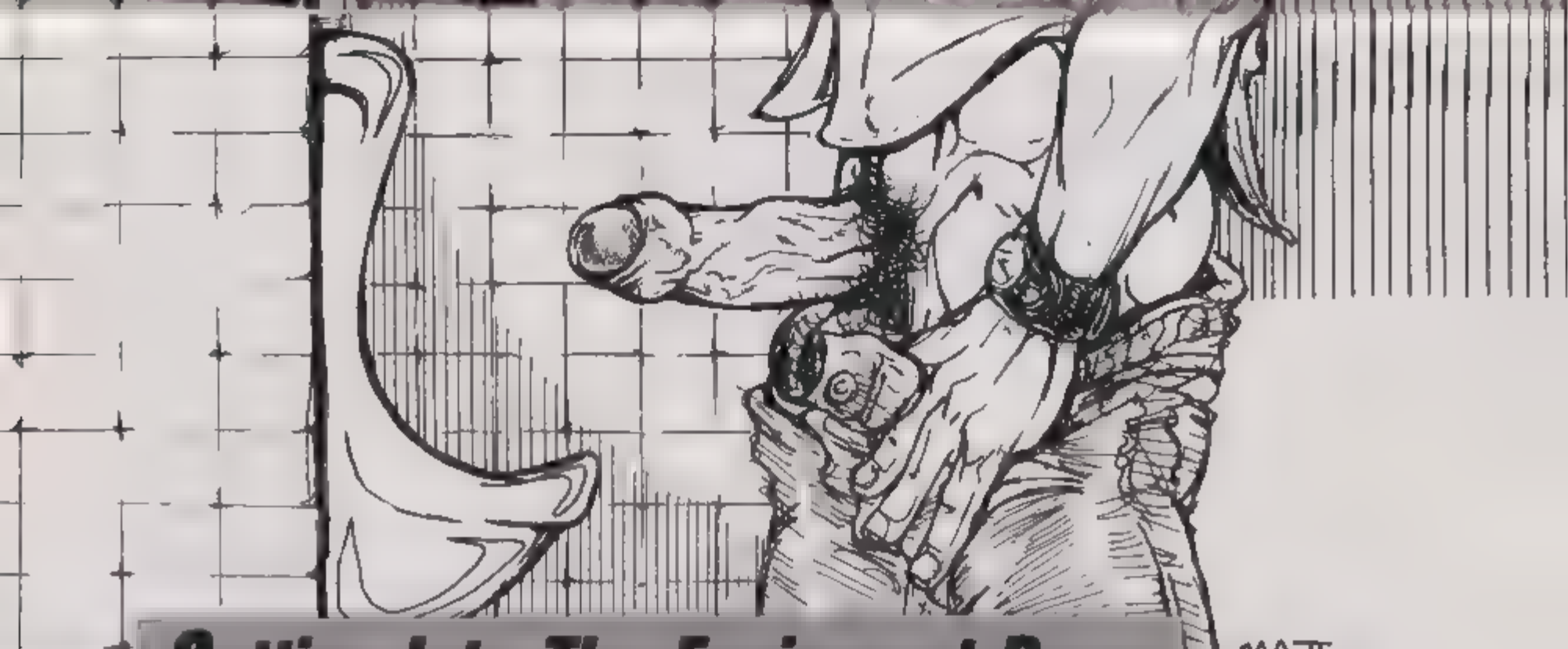
What *could* I say? The movie, Hank explained, was *Fit to Be Fucked*, and I'd be one of a slew of short-haired studs working out their hot mouths, cocks, and asses with the help of our big-dicked drill instructor. The idea of training with Hank at a private barracks in the Arizona desert was enough to keep me hard for weeks!

"I'll do it," I said. "If nothing else, at least I'll get a few muscles built up."

"You bet your butt you will," Hank grinned. He was getting rock-hard all over again. He bent my legs at the knees and raised them almost to my chest, parting my cheeks.

"I see your cock is standing at attention, 'cruit." Hank gave a throaty laugh, rich and deep. "The first time was only a warm-up exercise. Just lay back now, relax your asshole, and get ready for a heavy-duty fffuckkk!" ■





Getting Into The Equipment Room

BY RICK ADAMS • ART BY MATT

I rolled my shirt sleeves halfway up my arms and looked around the shop. The smell of brewing coffee told me it was almost time for morning break.

"Hey Mike, it's nearly ten-thirty," I said looking over at Mike who was still working on the machine next to mine. I let my eyes linger on him as often did. I could never seem to get enough of looking at the brawny bastard.

A tinge of excitement crawled through my balls. "Shit, I'm real horny today," I cursed to myself. "When was the last time I shot a fuckin' load anyway?"

As usual, my gaze stuck at the-end-of-the-shift on the big bulge running down Mike's pant leg. He never wore underwear and the outline of his long dick and thick knob stuck out plainly. I'd taken a lesson from Mike as a matter of fact. I'd stopped wearing underwear months ago and instead stuffed all my equipment into my right pant leg just like him. It made a different sort of bulge than Mike's. My cock was shorter and thicker and my cockhead was neatly covered with skin, but it made a fat lump inside my jeans. I knew I was showing it off just like Mike—and mainly just *for* him as well.

I'd worked not ten feet away from the guy for the past year and he'd always driven me fuckin' crazy! But that had never got me anywhere, except it made me love coming to work.

"Hey Mike," I called over. "Ten-thirty. Time for break."

"Oh fuck, yeah," he said glancing at his watch and shutting off his machine. "I was so busy thinking about last night, I forgot about the fuck-o-time." He gave a little tug on his rock, then smiled and winked at me.

He was always doing stuff like that. Joking and nursing and teasing. He did it with everybody and everybody loved him. We'd become real good friends since we started working side by side, and I was glad because he was a hell of a fun guy to be around.

Mike followed me into the men's room and came up to the urinal beside me. We'd passed together dozens of times before—at

MATT

There was no way my work buddy, Mike, could know how much he turned me on. On our morning break, we stood side by side at the urinal. Instead of pissing, my crazy dick shot up to about half hard. "What's the matter, Danny-boy?" he asked me. "Am I turning you on or something?" "Naw," I lied, embarrassed. "Too bad!" he replied. I couldn't believe my ears.

almost every break in fact—but today was a little different. Today I was real horny.

I pulled out my cock and took a quick glance over at Mike as he hauled his long piece out of his pant leg and let it tumble out in front of him.

"You're such a fuckin' showoff," I said. He just grinned at me.

I pulled the foreskin about halfway back over my cockhead, but my dick didn't start pissing. Not this morning. It was too fuckin' horny. Instead, it shot up about half-hard in my fist.

Mike noticed right away. "What's the matter there, Danny-boy? Am I turning you on or something?"

"God*damn* this thing!" I said. "Sometimes it has a fuckin' mind of its own. You know?"

"Sure thing." Mike grinned and let his piss splash around in the urinal. "It's happened to me once or twice. But I thought it was me that was making you hard." He was teasing me again.

"Naw," I lied.

"Too bad," he mumbled.

I looked over at him, not sure if I had heard right. I had to be sure. "What did you say?"

He nodded toward my cock. "Too bad," he repeated, still softly. Slowly he looked up at me. "Too bad it wasn't because of me."

I stared into his eyes. God damn! He was fuckin' serious! A big grin slowly broke out all over my face. He really *did* want me to get hard over him. "Okay, you slimy fuckin' sleaze-bag, I'll admit it. It was you that made my cock get hard."

"Yeah? Really?" He jumped back, grinning too, and almost dancing around he punched me on the arm, punched me in the belly, punched me on the ass. "No shit, eh?"

"No shit." I said seriously. "You've been driving me fuckin' nuts for months!"

"I see what you mean." He nodded toward my cock, which was standing straight up in my fist and trying like hell to pump out of its foreskin. "Come on, you horny bastard. We've already missed half our break."

On our way back to work, Mike came up close beside me. "Holy God, Danny," he said, you sure got me going back there."

"Good. I'm glad. Not that you need much to turn you on."

"I can't wait to get into your pants," he said softly. "I'm so fuckin' hot for you I could throw you down on the floor right here and fuck the shit out of you."

"Yeah?" I laughed, looking around. "Wouldn't that be a hell of a blast for everybody?"

He just laughed and we turned on our machines and got back to work.

As usual, Mike pulled at his cock and grabbed at his cockhead now and again but this time there was a difference. He'd look over at me sometimes and let his gaze linger on mine for a few seconds. Once he even mouthed, "I'm horny," and we both smiled.

About midway to lunch, the foreman motioned Mike over to the other side of the shop. When they were finished talking, Mike headed straight over to my machine. "Shut the fuckin' thing off," he shouted.

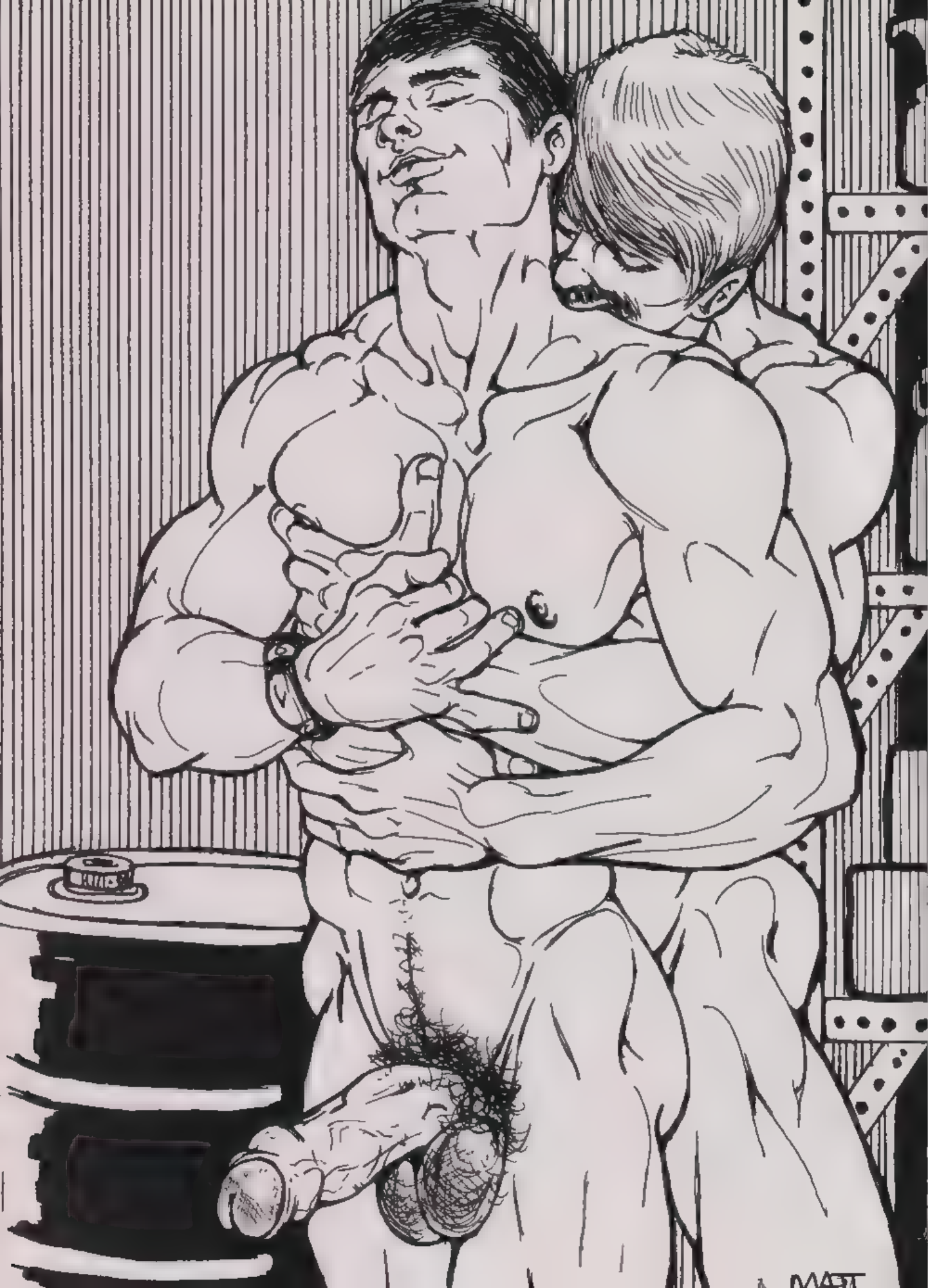
Once my machine was quiet, he explained: "The boss wants us to start that new contract. We'll have to get the supplies in, then go down to the equipment room for our tools."

"I think I know what tools you want." I smiled and rubbed at the lump in my pants.

"Can't you fuckin' think of anything but your cock?" he joked. "We got a whole load of work to do, for fuck sake."

We got the supplies and although Mike grabbed at my crotch three or four times, it was all in fun. Besides, he grabbed at everybody's crotch all the time—even the foreman's once in a while.

But when we headed off to the equipment room, the tone changed. As we were going down the ramp, he said to me in a low voice, "Get your cock ready, man. Soon as we're in the equipment room, I'm gonna suck all the fuckin' jizz out of your balls!" He looked at me and smiled broadly, and our bodies bumped lightly against each other again and again as we con-



Later in the day, we had to go to the equipment room for supplies. "Get your cock ready," Mike said as we entered. "I'm gonna suck all the fuckin' jizz out of your balls." He yanked out his own dick and balls and dived into my crotch. "Fuck, I'm hot for this big cock!"

tinued on down

The equipment room door creaked loudly as we went in, and as soon as it clamored shut I saw Mike peeling off his T-shirt. "Get your fuckin' shirt off, man," he told me. "I want you half-naked."

I did as he said, and he led me behind a stack of crates part way across the room. He immediately crouched in front of me with his knees spread real wide around my legs. I pressed my legs hard against the insides of his knees, forcing them wider apart.

Mike leaned back just long enough to yank out his cock and balls, then dived into my crotch. "Fuck, I'm hot for this big cock." He unzipped me and pulled my pants halfway down to my knees. My cock thumped hard in front of him and he grabbed onto the shaft and pulled forward to keep it from pumping right out of its foreskin.

As it was, my meathead was bulging part way out and my cock kept on flexing itself, trying to get it all the way out into the open.

Mike plunked his mouth over my half-bare cockhead and let his tongue wiggle around it. Then he started playing with the foreskin, slipping his tongue in underneath, sucking it forward over my meat, and finally peeling it all the way back with his lips.

His hands yanked my jeans right down to my ankles, and I rammed my cock forward until my cockhead was squeezed into his throat and his nose was buried in my cockhair. He wiggled around on my cock for a bit, then came up for air.

"Jesus! Fuck, man," he said.

"You like sucking my cock, don't you," I said, looking down at him.

He looked up at me and grinned. "Turn around. I wanna lick your ass."

I did as he said, and his tongue dug at my asshole, slipping in and out and all around the rim.

At last he stood up slowly, and as I looked around at him, he very deliberately started spitting on his hand and rubbing the spit all over his cock. He looked into my eyes. "I've wanted to fuck your hot ass for so fuckin' long."

He bent me over and I could feel his big knob pressing against my asshole. I pushed back and he forced it in, then waited for me to get used to the feeling.

When I started to squeeze on his cock, he rammed it up inside me right to the hilt. I jumped with pain, but he didn't give me any time to complain. He reached under, grabbed my cock, and started pumping the skin up and down my shaft real fast. He fucked his cock real hard into my ass, mixing the pain and the pleasure furiously, and beating my meat until it was screaming to shoot juice.

Stabs shot through my balls, my cock, my belly, my legs. Cum shot through my cock, streaming into the air. Shot after shot arched out onto my chest, onto my arms, onto the floor. I wanted to keep shooting cum forever.

Mike was jabbing into my asshole like fuckin' crazy, and then I heard him moan as he buckled up and shot his hard jets of cum deep inside me.

In a minute, he leaned back and slowly pulled his cock out of me. "Holy fuck, man! That was something!"

Grinning like hell, I turned to face him. "God, was it ever!"

He reached out to my cock and pulled the foreskin midway down over the head. "Better get your pants on. Maybe we can have another go at it after work. I feel like I've only had about half enough of you."

"Sure thing," I agreed. "I'd love that."

We got dressed, found the things we'd need for the job, and headed back upstairs.

"You guys have any trouble?" the foreman asked when he saw us.

"Naw." Mike looked directly at him. "Things went real smooth. Why?"

"Well, it's just that you were gone such a long time I wondered if you were having trouble finding things in the equipment room."

"Oh, Mike's a good man for that," I told the foreman quite seriously. "He really knows his way around down there." ■

ACAPULCO HUSTLE

Continued from page 12

down the ramp and started along the pavement. Then he heard it!

"Meester Smeet!"

His heart began to pound. Armando had been waiting for him! The man was dressed now in jeans, and a T-shirt that had "Ohio U" printed on it. And he was smiling his wide, purple-red smile.

Richard thought of bolting back into the hotel, but instead he headed for the shadows of a nearby clump of palmettos. If there was to be a confrontation he wanted it away from the hotel. Armando was beside him at once. "Taxi? We go taxi?"

"No," Richard cried. "Absolutely not."

"Tonio," Armando directed. "Taxi."

And Richard saw that a stolid-looking boy of nine or ten was behind Armando. He carried a battered carpet-covered satchel.

"Quién?" Richard demanded.

Armando was evasive. "Amigo."

Richard shook his head firmly. "Niños—no." What was this guy planning, anyway?

Armando held up a placatory hand. "Primo," he smiled. "Mi primo." There was, Richard conceded, a distinct resemblance between the two. Something about the eyes and slope of forehead were much the same. Yes, they could well be cousins, although the boy had little of Armando's vivacity and attractiveness. He was a sullen clod of a child. Right now he had gone to the street, still carrying the satchel, and was waving his arms to signal a taxi. Richard noticed that he was barefooted. "No zapatos?" he queried.

Armando began to explain, and as far as Richard could make out from the welter of languages, the boy had slept in the back of a truck the night before, and while he slept someone had stolen his shoes. By the time the explanation had been made Richard found he was at the curb with the open door of a taxi before him. Armando's arm was on his, and he felt Tonio's sturdy little shoulder at his back forcing him in. He wanted to laugh. This was actually funny. He'd go along for the ride, he decided, as the taxi swooped and swerved until it was headed in the other direction, and after that he would walk away and go back to the fishing boats as he had intended.

Armando put his finger to his lips. "Mudo," he whispered.

Mudo? Richard didn't know the word, but he decided it must mean mute. Apparently he was to remain speechless for the benefit of the taxi driver. He nodded. This was turning out to be amusing and rather exciting. For the first time since he had come to Acapulco he felt entertained, lighthearted, adventurous.

His slim body was surprisingly muscular, and his hands were the rough, blunted paws of a workman. Richard watched him undress with attraction and revulsion mingling. They stood close together in the tiny shower with the water trickling over their very different colored skins..

The taxi stopped at a small, dingy park with a white concrete bandstand in its center. Armando paid the driver with a 500-peso note, compactly folded like the one Richard had earlier taken from his shoe. Amused, he noticed that there was considerable change from the transaction. In this town taxi drivers had never given him change when he paid them.

So this was the Zocalo? Noisy, grim, crowded—vendors everywhere. Music came from several directions in varying tempos and tunes. A few sparse-leaved trees grew about the bandstand. Benches lined the concrete walkways, occupied mostly by ragged old men.

Armando gave a sign and led the way down a crowded side street. Richard caught a glimpse of the three of them reflected in a shop window. Armando first, brisk and intent-looking, then himself, big-bodied, tall and light-skinned, and in the rear, still carrying the satchel, plodding little Tonio.

They came to a corner restaurant with a food counter at the back and a few tables and chairs. Very loud radio music came from a box over the counter. Intricate tissue paper cut-outs hung from wires crossing the ceiling. Armando had Tonio sit at one of the tables and bought him a big bottle of orange soda to drink. The child spoke

Continued to page 40

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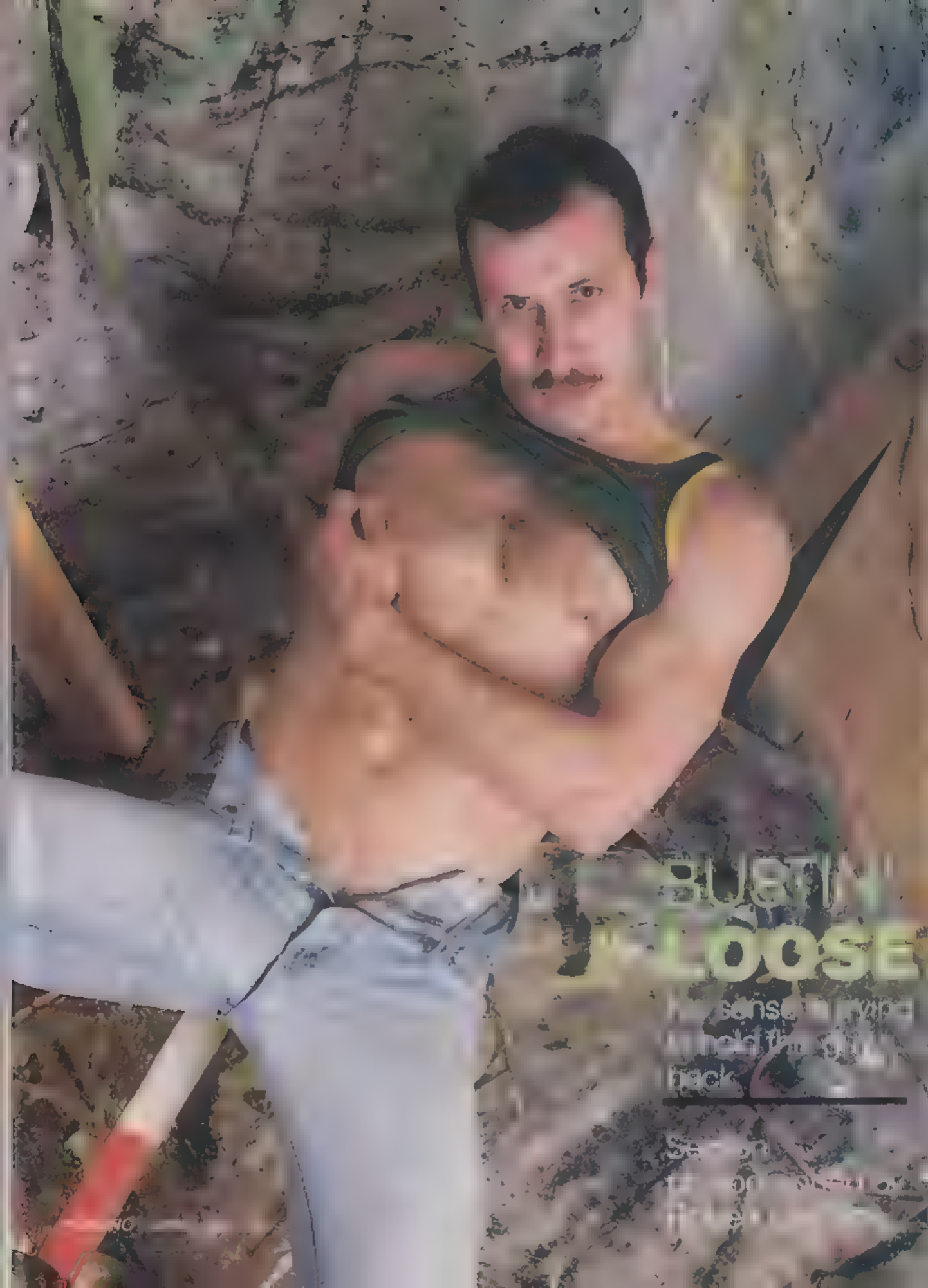
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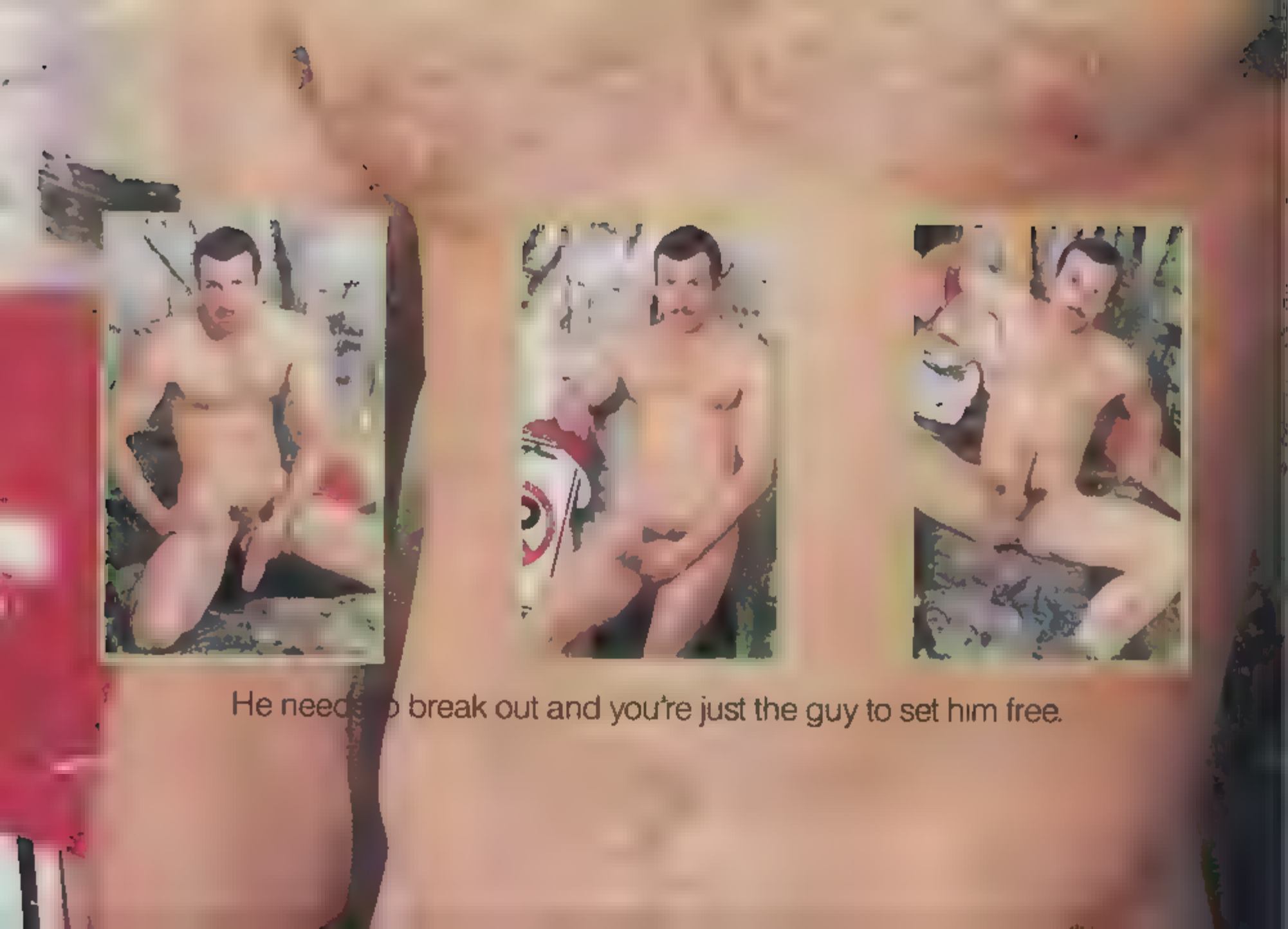
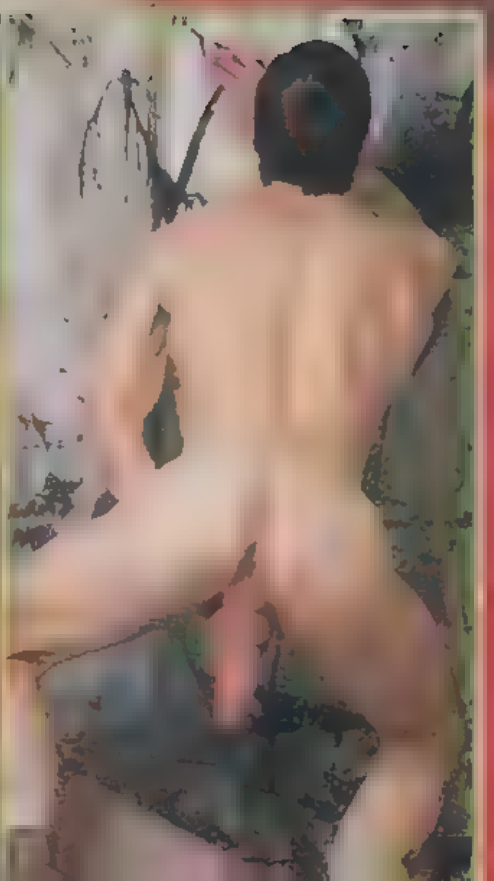
LOOSE



He need[illegible] break out and you're just the guy to set him free.



After all, you've been searching for the right guy to cut loose with; he's yours for the taking.

P

Brian was in a hell of a fix. Instead of lying in the sun on some tropical isle, he was on a train speeding through the frozen wasteland of Russia in January. He was planning to kill the travel agent who talked him into this. Until the door of his compartment opened . . .

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

BY GREG NERO • ART BY STEVEN BLAKE

Tall. Bronzed. Muscled. The man rose from the pounding surf like the great god Poseidon and strode up the blazing white sand of the deserted tropical beach. He was a Greek statue come to life, with the face of Adonis and the body of Hercules. His tanned form glistened in the bright sunlight, a paean to perfect manhood and the rewarding rigors of the gym. And between rippling thighs, nestled in an inviting hairy thatch, hung a centaur's cock.

The man-god walked straight to where Brian, almost like an offering, was stretched naked on a towel. Hands on hips, he appraised his find through piercing coal-black eyes until, finally, a satisfied smile pulled at the corners of his mouth.

Stroking his monster meat to its full, epic proportions he settled between Brian's trembling, up-turned legs, placed his slick cockhead against the defenseless, puckered asshole, and began a steady, assured assault.

"Yes. Yes, please," whimpered Brian. "Please, fuck me. Fuck me—uh!"

A sudden jolt snapped Brian awake. His heart was pounding. He was gasping for breath. First, panic. What happened? Where am I? Then the awful reality: Railway car. Siberia. Cold. "Shit!"

Revenge—he was going to get revenge. If he ever got out of this fucking refrigerator he was going to kill his travel agent. A horrible, grisly death it would be, too.

"I could be sitting on some beach right now surrounded by hunky men in tiny swimsuits, but no, I wanted something different. I wanted adventure. I had to let that scumbag talk me into Russia in the middle of the winter. 'Try it, you'll like it,' he said. 'You'll beat the summer crowds,' he said. 'The Russuan people are so friendly,' he said. That asshole. I'll bet the little fucker works for the KGB. I'll kill him. I'll fucking kill him!"

Brian huddled deeper in his seat and stared glumly out the frosted window as mile after mile of the same snow-covered trees went by. How had he ever let himself get shanghaied into anything so idiotic as Russia in January?

To be fair, even in the dead of winter Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, and Tashkent had been interesting and quite enjoyable. Irkutsk, in eastern Russia, had been a bit of a bummer, but that's to be expected when the tractor factory is a major tourist highlight. And now the famed Trans-Siberian Express, the Soviet Union's great east-west rail link, was speeding him across Mother Russia back to Moscow and civilization. Whoop-tee-do. After two full days, Moscow seemed no closer, the cold outside got worse, and mind-numbing boredom had settled like a blanket of stale snow. Hours passed, darkness fell, and Brian resigned himself to yet another long, long, long evening.

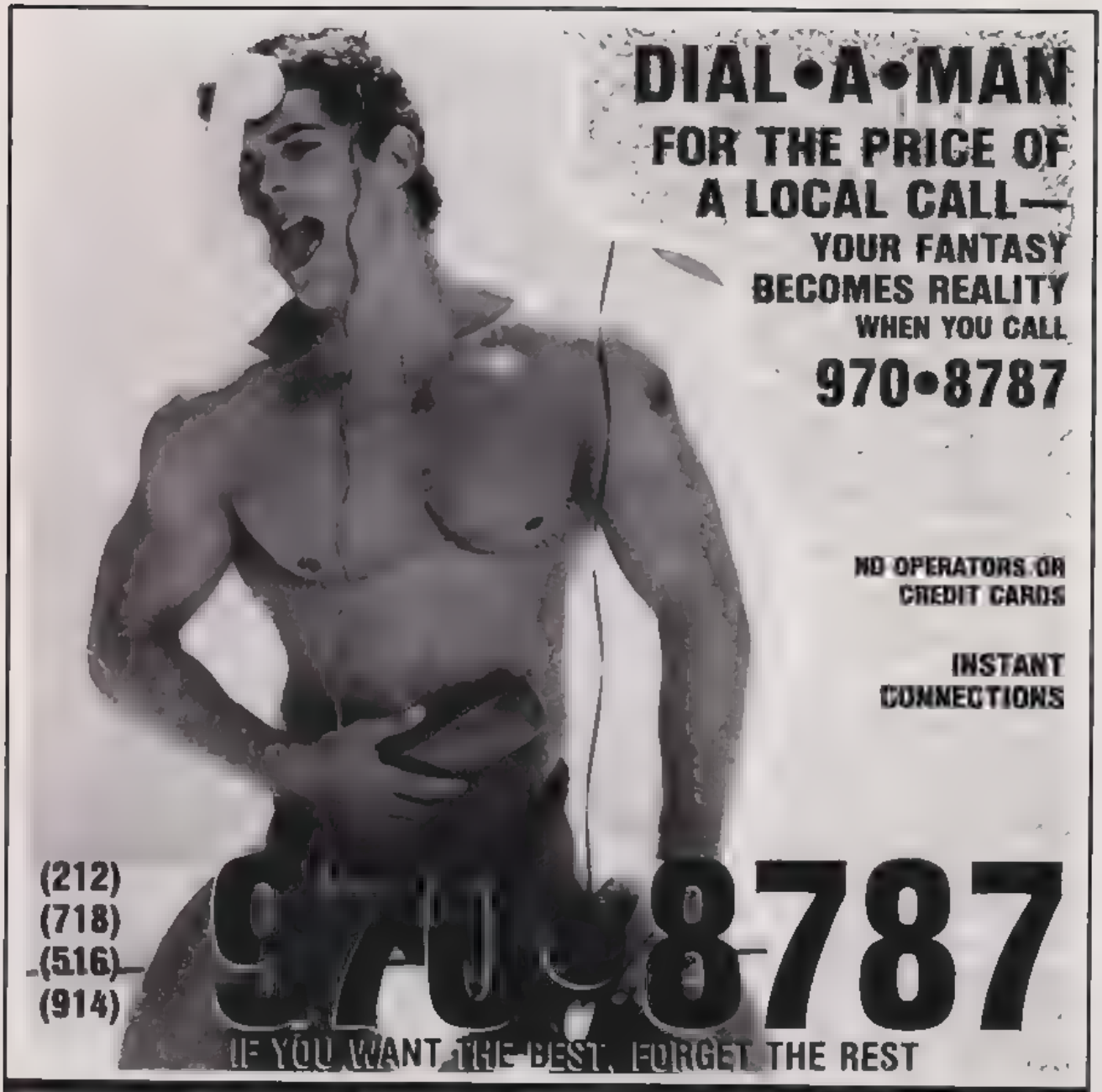
There was a sharp knock, the compartment door slid open, and Natasha, the Intourist guide assigned to Brian's group, popped in. An insufferably perky woman in her early fifties, Natasha possessed charm, poise, and the body of a pro linebacker. She was determined that everyone in her group was going to enjoy the tour—or else. "We missed you at dinner, Mr. Griffith."

"If I have borscht one more time, Natasha . . ."

"Come, come, Mr. Griffith, you're missing all the fun. Why don't you join the others in the dining car?" (The "others" consisted of two elderly spinsters from Scotland, a retired Swedish minister and his wife, and a young woman from Australia who could recite long passages of "Das Kapital" from memory—and frequently did.)

"I'd rather have borscht."

A conductor stepped up behind Natasha and unceremoniously nudged her in the ribs. "Um, Mr. Griffith, Comrade Conductor tells me that, try as they might, the engineers cannot restore heat to one of the second-class cars. The train is very full but we have managed to spread the passengers from the unheated car among the other cars. All except one passenger, and I'm afraid yours is the only compartment left with any room. I wonder, Mr. Griffith, if you would be so kind . . ."



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The instructions were all in Russian and Brian could hardly understand. Something about a Russian soldier needing to share Brian's cabin. And then he saw him: the biggest, best-looking hunk of manflesh Brian had ever laid eyes on.

Brian looked from Natasha to the weasel-like conductor and sighed. The decision had obviously been made for him. He gestured to the single seat opposite. "By all means."

Natasha mumbled something in Russian to the conductor, who snapped something to someone waiting in the passageway.

In walked one of the most striking men-in-uniform Brian had ever seen in his life. It was a Russian uniform, of course, and Brian had come to abhor the Soviet military, but hey, the man was a feast for man-starved eyes. About Brian's age and height, the guy was a blond, blue-eyed hunk. He couldn't speak a word of English, but from Natasha, Brian learned that his name was Yuri Koslov, he was a corporal in the army, and he worked as a P.T. instructor. Introductions complete, Natasha bid the two men an embarrassed good-night and left.

With much gusto and a lot of incomprehensible Russian chatter, Yuri threw his greatcoat and suitcase into the overhead luggage rack and sat down. There followed an awkward moment of silence as he scrutinized Brian from head to foot. Then he threw himself into the task of getting to know his foreign traveling companion.

Pidgin English, Pidgin Russian, gestures, charades, faces—Brian and Yuri tried everything. Well, just about everything. But after almost half an hour Brian settled back into his seat with the sad realization that he was going to be just as lonely with Yuri as without him. So close and yet so far. "Dammit, Yuri," Brian sighed in exasperation, "it's not fair."

Yuri smiled at what he couldn't understand. Brian smiled back.

"Anyone ever tell you you're one hell of a hunk of man? Yes, you are. One hell of a hunk. And you're giving me a real mean hard-on. You know that? I'm so fucking hard it hurts. It sure would be nice if you were to come over here and wrap those sexy lips around my big ol' cock and help me out. Yeah, just swallow me up and suck on my juicy cock until I shoot a big, thick load down that sexy throat of yours. And then I could suck on your cock. Yeah, I'd like that. I'll bet you're hung like a fucking horse. I'll bet it would take two hands to get your cock out of your pants. Yeah, and when I'm suckin' on your big fat Russian horse dick, I'll bet it'd just about choke me to death. Right? Hell, I probably couldn't even get it in my mouth, it's so big. Right? Oh fuck, Yuri, you're getting me so hot. So hot I'm going to explode. And you just sit there, watching me suffer, enjoying every minute of it. Yeah, watching me suffer with those beautiful baby-blues just a-sparkling. Aw, come on, Yuri, don't just sit there. Be a pal. Do something. Help me out!"

To Brian's utter amazement Uri got to his feet and, without once breaking eye contact, slowly peeled off his clothes until he was standing there in nothing but his Soviet-gray jockstrap.

Knowing damn well that he now had Brian's complete attention, Yuri proceeded with an impromptu posing display, slow and easy-like, taking his time to show off the goods. He started with his arms, flexing his hard, melon-sized biceps one at a time. Then he tensed his stomach, forcing the symmetrical ridges of his abdominals into relief. Next he tensed first one leg and then the other to show off his rippling thighs and sturdy calves. Talk about good!

"O-h-h-h-f-u-u-c-k. . ." moaned Brian.

Pleased with the response, Yuri started massaging the sharp outlines of his squared pecs, massaging, squeezing, molding the hard, unyielding firmness of his chest. Latching onto his thick, protruding nipples, he pinched and twisted until they glowed a bright red.

"O-h-f-u-c-k-y-e-s!" Brian whimpered, instinctively clutching at his rigid cock. It hurt. Oh God, it hurt bad! What the hell was Yuri doing? What did Yuri want? Was it possible that he. . .?

Bathed in sweat, Yuri abandoned his glowing nipples and slid his hands ever so slowly down the length of his torso until he had a firm, two-fisted grip on his bulging jockstrap.

"Oh, fuck," gasped Brian.

Flipping the lock on the compartment door, Yuri stepped out of his jock and stood totally naked in front of Brian, stroking his massive one-eyed monster. "You like Yuri's cock?"

"Damn right I—holy shit. You speak English!"

"A little. Enough. I tell authorities no. Better let them think I cannot."

"Then you understood everything I said."

"Yes. It make Yuri very happy."

Brian froze. The fear that he might be playing with fire raced through his mind. What the hell was he doing? Had he forgotten where he was? This wasn't some AMTRAK compartment in the States. This was Russia. Omigod, maybe Yuri was a trap! Maybe he was supposed to fall for Yuri! Maybe the KGB was trying to blackmail him into becoming a spy. A dentist from Minneapolis spying for the Russians? Well, anything's possible.

Yuri stepped forward and gave Brian a long, tender kiss. Pulling back at Brian's noticeable lack of response, he seemed to read Brian's mind and whispered, "Do not be afraid. I am not KGB. I want us to be friends. I think you very—what is expression?—hot man. I want to suck your cock and fuck your hot ass."

When Brian still didn't respond, Yuri pinched his left nipple and chided, "What's the matter? You never see Russian faggot before? What I gotta do, bend over and show stretch marks?"

That did it. Brian burst out laughing. "Only a member of the brotherhood would say something like that," he whooped.

"Shhhh." And with that, Yuri leaned forward again and gave Brian another kiss. This time Brian responded, and in moments they were practically eating each other alive.

Continued to page 68

ACAPULCO HUSTLE

Continued from page 28

petulantly, his lower lip thrust forward as he looked back toward the food counter several times. Richard realized that the child must be hungry. He knew the signs. His sons at home always seemed hungry. "Tiene hambre?" he asked Tonio.

"Sí!" was the reproachful-sounding answer.

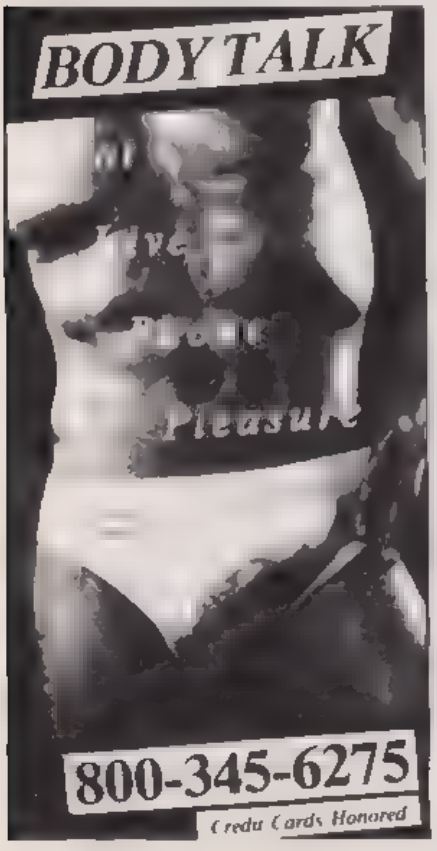
Richard took a note from his pocket and thrust it toward Armando. "Get the poor kid something to eat, dammit," he muttered. Armando took the money quickly and hurried to the counter. He came back with a heaping plate of pinkish rice studded with bits of fish. He set it before Tonio and the child began to eat ravenously with a spoon and his fingers. With a few more words of admonition to Tonio, Armando picked up the satchel and left the restaurant, motioning for Richard to follow.

"Dónde?" Richard asked.

"Hotel," Armando answered tersely.

Richard stopped on the uneven sidewalk. "No—no quiero."

Armando faced him sternly. The smile was gone and in its place was an expression of fierce intensity. He pointed a finger like a weapon, his large, unwavering eyes full of anger. "Un mil," he stated. "You speak un mil."



Richard felt uneasy. He'd already had a thousand pesos of fun from this encounter, he decided, so why not pay up and leave. He searched his pocket and located one of the remaining notes. A thousand. He handed it to Armando and it went at once into the pocket of his jeans. The smile returned and he motioned Richard to follow. Richard shook his head.

Armando scowled. A contract had been made and it wasn't going to be broken now. He stopped and waited. Curiosity began to stir within Richard. What was this hotel, anyway? What had this little man planned for them? He wavered, then moved a bit. Armando waited for him to join him and then they started down the street again. I can walk away anytime, Richard thought.

Armando entered a building with a sign of some sort hanging over the sidewalk. The first floor was a big empty room with a covered pool table in the center and chairs along the wall. Armando cautioned silence and went to the desk beside a staircase. A heavy, round-faced woman with a tortoise shell comb in her hair took money and handed Armando two flimsy towels, two tiny bits of soap, and a key with a large square of metal attached to it. If she was curious about Richard's foreign looks as he passed by, her veiled eyes did not reveal it.

Armando motioned, and the two of them went up the stairs to an oval hallway under a glass skylight. Armando opened one of the several doors along the wall and went into a room, beckoning Richard to follow.

Excitement quickened Richard's breathing. Armando grabbed his arm, pulled him inside, and locked the door. It was a dreary place with peeling gray walls. And dim, for the only light came from two narrow windows near the ceiling. There were a medium-sized bed, one chair, and a chest with stains down its front. And a bathroom without a door, one section tiled, with a shower head above it.

Armando dropped the satchel in a corner and then briskly set about removing his few bits of clothing—his shoes, his T-shirt, the jeans. He folded the garments neatly and put them on the chair. His slim body was surprisingly muscular, and his hands, beyond the fragile-looking wrists, were the rough, blunted paws of a workman. Richard watched him, attraction and revulsion mingling. Armando stepped into the shower, turned on the water, and called to Richard to join him.

Why not? After a moment Richard took off his shirt, his undershirt, his shoes, his jeans and boxer trunks and put them on the chest where he could keep them in view. (My God! Suppose this guy should run off with his clothes? He'd heard of things like that.) He stepped cautiously into the shower area. (Trench foot was probably around, he thought.) He discovered at once that the water was barely warm. Armando handed him one of the tiny bars of soap. Barely large enough to wash his face.

They stood close together in the tiny space with the water trickling over their very differently colored skins. Richard touched the smooth, glistening back beside him, but when his hand explored closer to the small, half-melon buttocks below, Armando reacted with macho indignation and turned his back firmly to the wall. What kind of a hustler was this? Richard left the shower and took one of the towels, vainly trying to dry off with it. He felt cold in this drab room, cold for the first time since he had been in Acapulco. He pulled the coverlet up from the bed and got under it. He fervently hoped the sheets were clean.

A moment later Armando joined him in the bed, his skin still damp and chill. They lay side by side, strangers, with no feeling of passion or desire between them. It was very quiet. Only the dripping of water in the shower could be heard. Presently Armando took Richard's hand and pulled it across his firm, high chest and raisin-like nipples, down the flat belly, to the dark below.

Armando aroused quite suddenly. Determined and businesslike, he set about fulfilling his part of the contract, his breathing a small tropical hurricane below Richard's ear. Then it was over, and the two men lay silent—Armando spent, Richard shocked by what had happened.

Presently Armando got up and went back into the shower and turned on the water. He washed himself completely again, this time shampooing his hair. Richard listened to the splashing water. He must be with the cleanest hustler in Acapulco.

Armando turned off the water, passed the soaked towel over his body, then hurried back to the bed. The water must have grown quite cold, for he at once moved close against Richard for warmth. It was the nearest thing to intimacy that had happened between them so far.

Armando fell asleep with his damp head rolled against Richard's shoulder. Richard looked down at the relaxed face beside him. He could see little lines about the mouth and long-lashed eyes. Traces of white glinted in the dark curls of hair. This little hustler wouldn't prowl the beaches of Acapulco for very much longer, he thought.

Quite abruptly Armando awoke and jumped out of bed. He began to pull on his clothing. "Vamanos!" he commanded.

"Por que?"

"Tonio!"

Richard by now wanted very much to be

Continued to page 69

Desert Fox

Stop rubbing your eyes, this guy's no mirage.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

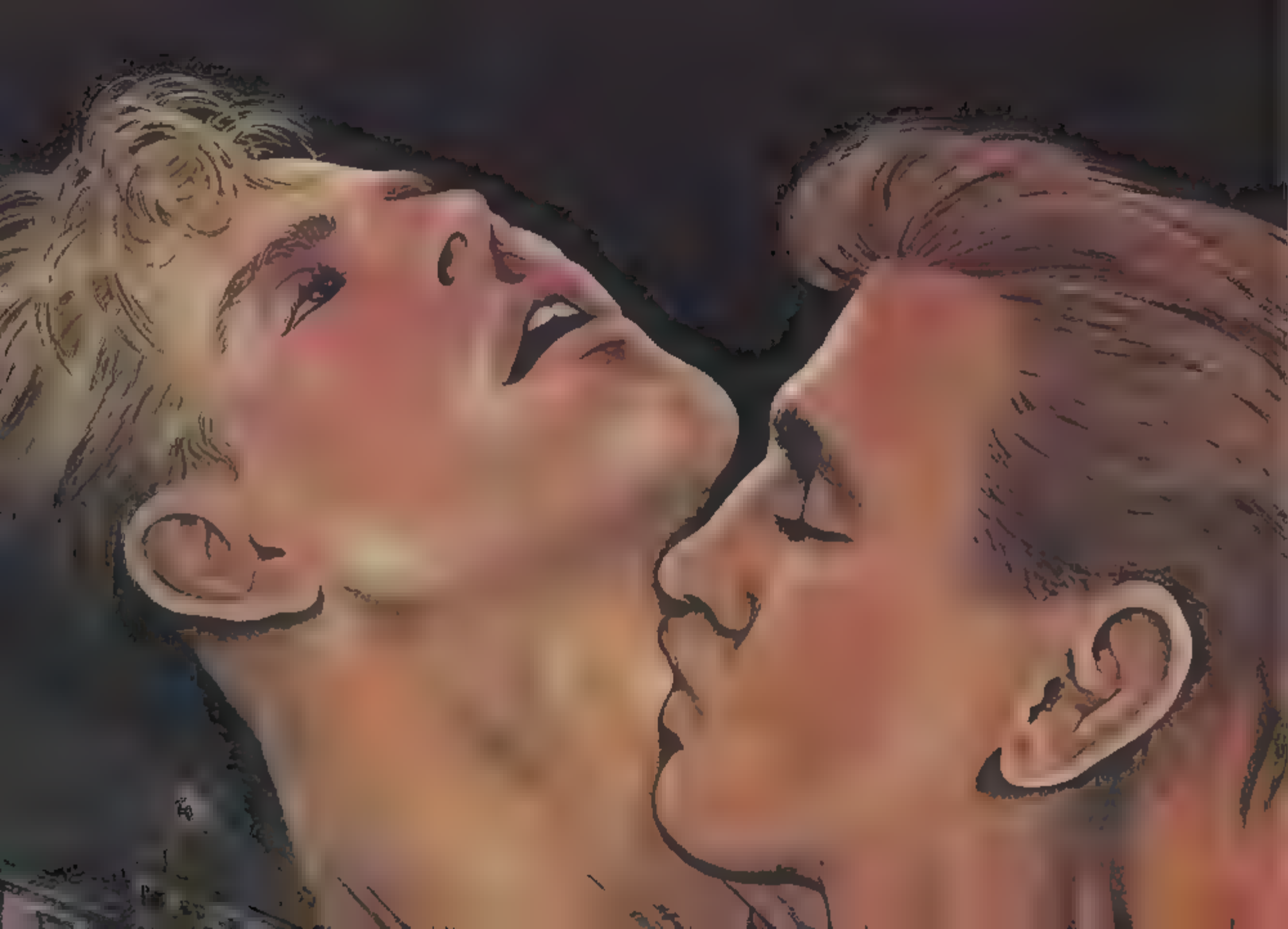
Desert Fox

He's a welcome vision on the steaming desert sands.

Desert
Fox

Desert Fox

Come to the oasis and replenish your spirits. A few hours with this hunk of manhood will have you ready and willing to go—down on him.



one night in Berlin

BY ALAN McGINTY

ART BY R. A. SHULTZ

[illegible] from my mother, I remember actually being a little [illegible] at the intrusion of my family's affairs [illegible] my life. "It seems," I recall her saying [illegible] her affected upper-class Bostonian accent, "that Henry's executor wants to see you, and he wouldn't give any details. I tried to explain that as a rule you aren't interested in family affairs, but he [illegible] you were to be the only one present at the reading of the will. I had no [illegible] were close to him."

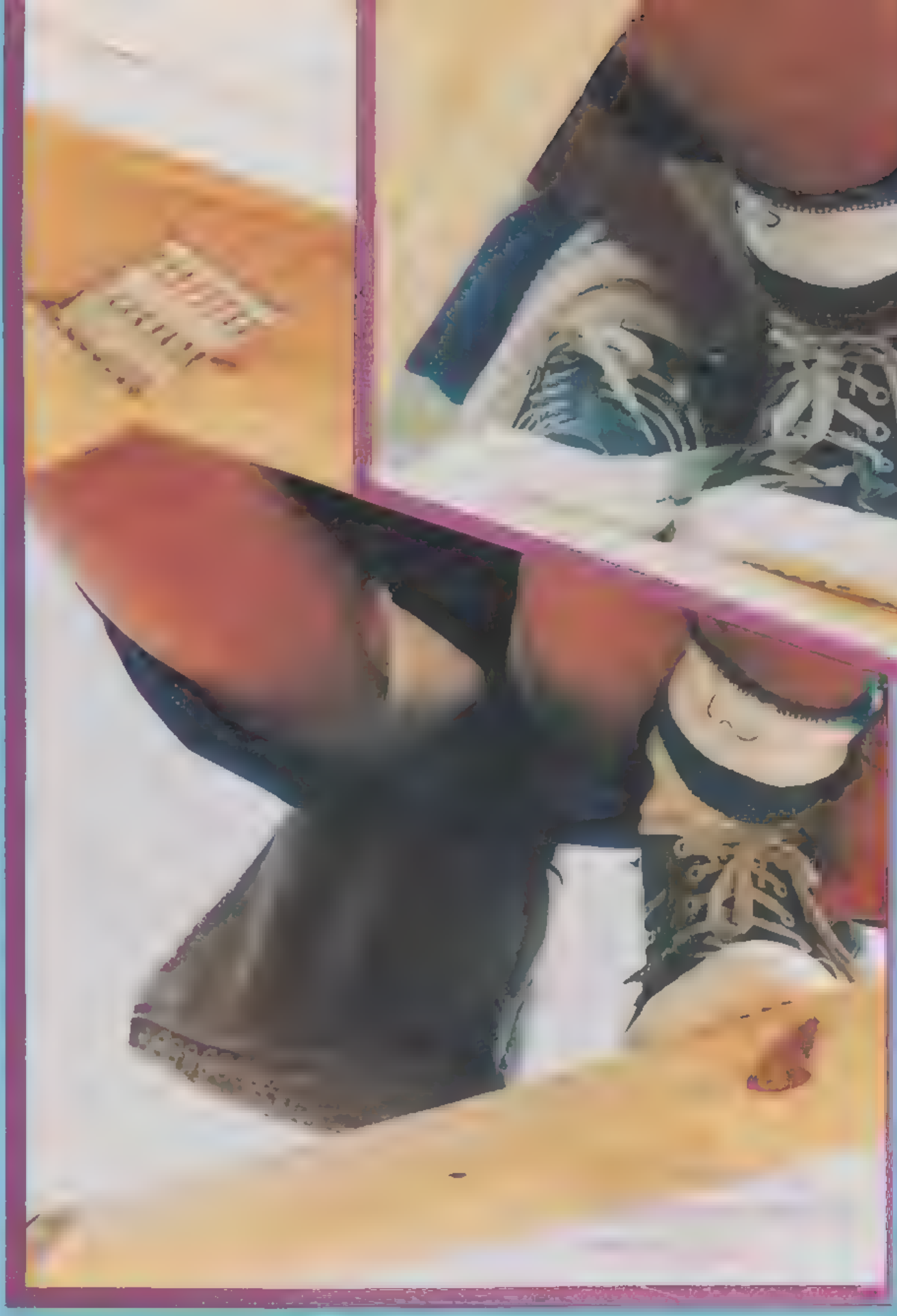
"I, too, was perplexed. For years I had [illegible] discreet as to come out as a gay man and move to New York. I knew my Uncle Henry, my mother's older brother, only vaguely. I had lived alone in New York for years, and in all that time I had been to his Manhattan apartment only once. Apart from that visit—with my mother—the only time I ever saw him was in Boston at the family's annual Christmas dinner. Although he never spoke against me, I saw him as just another stuffy, conservative relative, and I had never shown the slightest interest in striking up a friendship. He was much older, anyway: he died just days after his seventy-third birthday; I'm thirty-two.

Clutching the lawyer's Wall Street address in my hand, I went downtown to see what was up. The document the lawyer read gave me the shock of my life. I learned that, with the exception of two modest charitable bequests, my uncle had left everything to me. I was instructed to go to his apartment, check everything out, and do with it what I pleased. A postscript advised me to pay special attention to my uncle's journals, which he'd kept faithfully since his seventeenth birthday. By reading them all, in order, I would understand his decision.

Ecstatic about inheriting the estate (which, including the Central Park East condominium, was worth an estimated $750,000) and consumed by curiosity

HARD LABOR
Bet you'd like to join this guy's road crew.

HARD
LABOR



Legends... they have a much longer shelf-life than their sources. Take Mike the Mule. His nickname had become a sad joke to those who knew his history. Mike ran the gas station that adjoined the truck stop just outside Laconia, New Hampshire. If that name sounds familiar, it's because we hold the biggest motorcycle races in the world up here. Every year, bikers and Hell's Angels descend on an otherwise quiet New England town. Come summer, the place is teaming with rumblings and rowdies and races. Laconia is near the southern Maine border, right next to New Hampshire's biggest lake, Lake Winnipesaukee. For a small town, we have a lot of "biggest" titles around. Mike the Mule's meat, for instance.

For years, his flopping flesh-pole was notorious for poking out the holes of his acid-frayed jeans and craning its bright-pink, cut helmet into the sunlight. I'd heard people whisper about it all the years I was growing up. Mike and the gas station were the stimulus for many of my adolescent orgasms.

In the summer, his work shirt was always open. He'd fill my father's car with gasoline, and when he leaned in to get the money I could smell his warm, ripe body. I'd ask Dad if I could pay Mike, and Dad always let me. Mike would wipe his brow, wink at me, say "thanks" to Dad, and wave goodbye. I loved him for being everything that my thin, fair, hairless, shy father was not. I think Dad looked up to Mike the Mule as much as I did. He was hot, hung, single and had his own business. A real catch that not one Laconia woman ever landed, try as they did. He'd fuck 'em and move on. Then he got into trouble with some Hell's Angels—the biggest scandal ever to hit a town long inured to outrageous biker behavior. It seems they tore into Mike's station, all seven of them, and raped him one at a time, beat him, then left him for dead. No money was stolen, and the mystery persists today as to why it happened.

Mike became the biggest drunk in town. As far as any woman he slept with could tell, he never got it hard again after the rape. Just got drunk and passed out on top of them. At six-three, 220 pounds, hairy ol' Mike is a big piece of grizzly flesh, and lying under him was risky. It's a risk I longed for all through my teens, and even now, at thirty. He's balding a little, but his pontoon tits and belly muscles are still coated with dark, bushy hairs, his green eyes still flash brilliantly under the cap he wears to hide his thinning scalp, and his body, at forty-four, could do battle with any twenty-year-old athlete—and win.

The rape was almost ten years ago, so most of the old folks have forgotten about it, or just don't mention it. New people in town rarely even hear about it. Mike's a local institution, and in New England, institutions are respected and cherished. I, too, respected and cherished him; I also wanted him.

All through college he was so kind to me. He helped me keep my '57 Pontiac going so I could make it to school in Manchester, about 50 miles south of Laconia. He repaired and tuned that old tank and kept it humming. I loved catching glimpses of him under the transmission; his pants would ride up and I'd get a glimpse of his hairy legs between the cuffs and the tops of his grimy white socks. Sometimes I'd even get a shot of his dense black pubic hair through the holes in his drawers. His cock always seemed ready to bust out of his well-worn work pants. When he'd struggle under the car with a bolt that wouldn't move, his bucking would flop that sausage around; it was like it was an animal that lived in his jeans, a wild animal.

Now that I'm teaching in Manchester, I can afford my sleek little Honda Civic. Mike keeps it fit. And he keeps his own body fit. But his heart is sick. He drinks so much after work that he usually has to be carried from the bar at the truck stop to his house, beside the gas station. Thank God, it's just across the street. It takes two, sometimes three, to haul his big body up the stairs to his bedroom. Poor ol' Mike the Mule. There's nothing sadder than a legend that lives on in a dead soul.

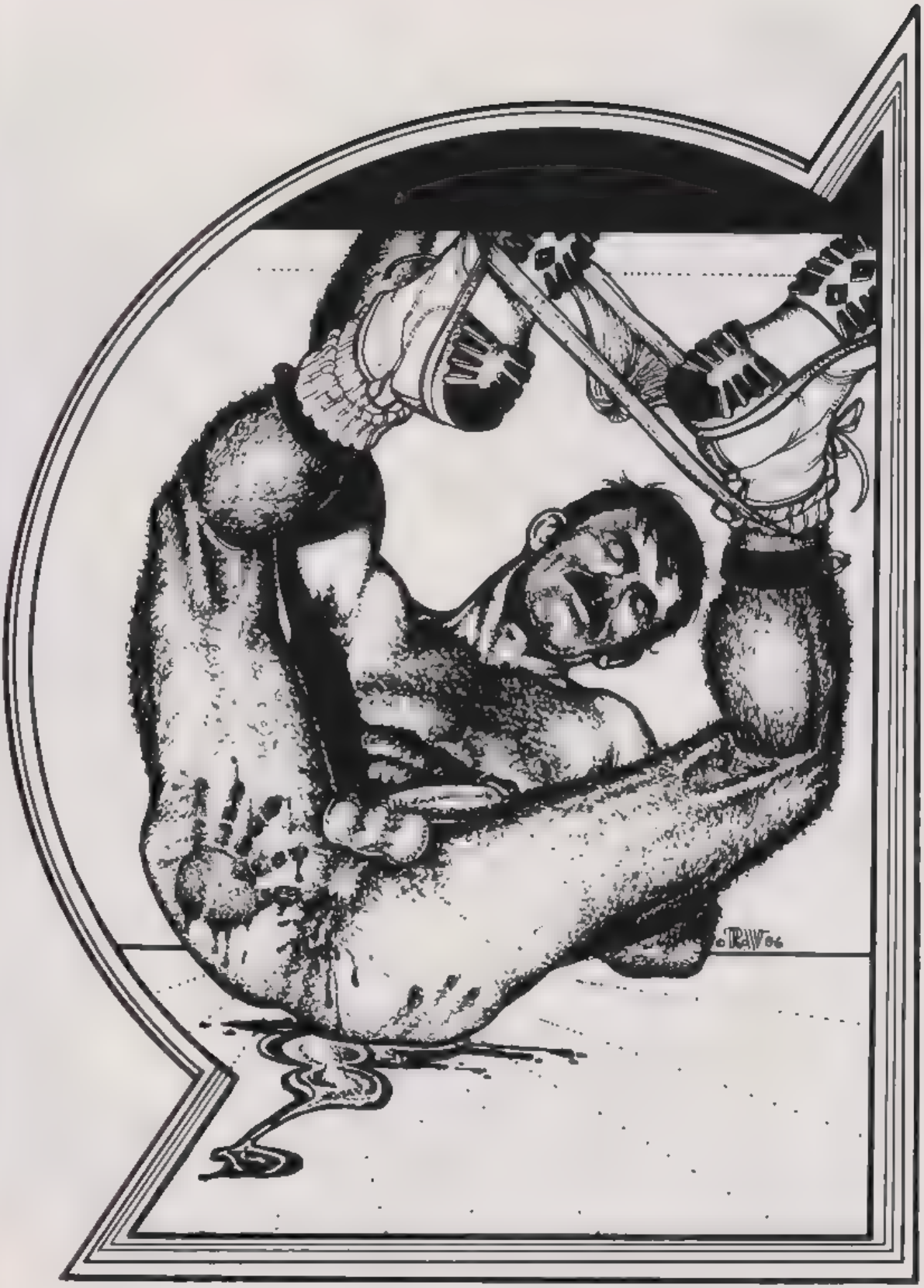
Last Friday, after helping Clyde Buchanan and Norris Bate haul Mike home, I decided it was time to breathe life back into that soul. I had no idea how to do that; in search of one, I turned to Mike himself. Next night, I was sitting across from him, in a booth in the corner of the

THE REDEMPTION OF

Mike the Mule

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD A. WHITE

For a small town, we have a lot of "biggest" titles around. Take Mike the Mule's meat, for instance. For years, his flopping flesh-pole was notorious for poking out the holes of his frayed jeans and craning its bright-pink, cut helmet into the sunlight...



Mike kept my old car humming. When he'd struggle under the car, his bucking would flop that sausage around; it was like an animal that lived in his jeans. A wild animal . .

truck stop bar. I was drinking beers and so was Mike, but he was using his as Jack Daniels chasers. He'd brought the bottle of bourbon with him and left it on the table, pouring when he wanted more: the privilege of an institution.

He smiled at me over the red-glass candleholder with white plastic netting around it. "It's been good for ya, teachin'?" he asked.

I nodded yes. "I do what I love doing most: breathing life into young minds. Literature is exhilarating if you know how to put it across."

He grinned. Even after years of drinking and cigarettes, his huge white teeth were even and shining. In the soft light, his wrinkles gave him a sexy, weathered look, like the Marlboro man leaning over a campfire. "If anyone can blow a mind, Bo, it's you," he whispered, his green eyes sparkling after his second bourbon. "I used to watch ya tryin' to teach yer ol' man how to use calculators when they first came out. Can he figure 'em yet?"

I laughed with him and shook my head. Dad's a sweet man, but not very bright. He and Mom could be twins, they're so alike. Both short, thin, fair, and soft-spoken. Nothing at all like the big, dark, raspy, vulgar, too-smart-for-his-own-good beauty in front of me now.

Two or three more rounds got us through several years of reminiscence. After a while I felt brave enough and intimate enough to ask Mike, "Whatever happened to those guys that beat you up? Did they ever get caught?"

Eerily, Mike grinned, stared at me, and said, "Nope. . . never saw 'em again." He didn't seem at all bothered that I'd opened up that awful chapter of his history.

He downed the last of his shot of bourbon, guzzled the rest of his beer, then banged the bottle on the table and waved a 20-dollar bill at Millie, the barmaid. She turned to us and smiled. At least Mike was still sitting upright, she seemed to be thinking, along with everyone else who had turned to look at him. He paid our bill and said, "C'mon, Bo, let's walk and cool off." He took the bourbon and we waved to Millie at the door. The place seemed happily surprised that Mike was leaving so early, and of his own accord.

We walked into the dense, towering pine forest behind Mike's gas station, toward a small lake. He sat down on a tall rock facing the moonlit water and pulled off his funky work shirt. In the lunar light he was a woodland faun: hairy, muscular, demonically sensual. Gazing straight ahead, he didn't seem to notice as I sat next to him and took off my shirt. Not at first. He sipped the bourbon, then handed me the bottle.

"Catch up with me. Hey, you've been workin' out. Or ain't I been payin' attention to yer growin'?" he whispered.

"Both."

He grinned and brushed my hair. Then he slapped my chest and cupped my left pec in his palm. I shuddered at his touch in the cool stillness of the night.

"I do a lot of swimming. We have an Olympic-sized pool at school. You should come down some weekend with me."

He just stared at me, his grin impish and private. What was he thinking? "I only swim bare-assed. That allowed?"

I smiled shyly and shook my head no, then turned away.

"I wondered," he said, turning my face with his finger, "when ya'd get 'round to askin' me 'bout them bikers, Bo."

I wasn't fooling him. He knew what was on my mind. Embarrassed I looked down at the bourbon bottle, took a quick swig.

"Seems I fucked the wrong hole," he whispered. "You listenin'?"

I smiled and said, "Uh-huh. Go ahead, Mike. I'm listening."

He seemed to breathe easier now. The fiendish glare of his eyes had warmed to a trusting glow. "I fucked some biker's bedmate, and the biker and his buddies come lookin' for me."

"She told the guy what you did?"

Still staring into my eyes, Mike was silent for a moment, and motionless. Then he put his arm around my shoulder. "Bo, it wasn't a chick. It was another guy. He got the clap soon after. Since I was the last to plow his dirty hole, he blamed me."

He waited for my reaction. I took him by

the neck and brought him close to me. I kissed his damp forehead. "Your trust means so much. I know it must have been hard for you to tell me."

He kissed my mouth, and I tasted sweat, salt, bourbon, tobacco. "Nope. Not hard at all," he said. "I figured you for a man's man when you was a kid. I saw how you'd look at me. I knew. But this is only between us, y'know?"

I hugged him. I had a hard-on.

He kissed my neck, then let go of me and picked up the bourbon. He drank and then went on. "I dunno what happened after that. Hell, I been plowin' manholes fer years. Only fucked the town cows so everybody'd lemme be. But after that—after that shit happened—I couldn't think right. I used to go with a broad and she'd suck my cock, while I'd think about a dude blowin' me. When I was hard, I'd fuck her. But after the shit, whenever I tried to think of a guy I'd remember nearly gettin' killed. Nothin' worked anymore. 'Cept gettin loaded."

"But that was ten years ago, Mike. *Ten years.*"

"For someone who's barely thirty, I guess ten years seems like a long time. Goin' from twenty to thirty is a big span. But from thirty-four to forty-four, the years fly. Only thing wrong with this younger generation is I ain't part of it no more." He laughed softly at his own joke. He ran his calloused hands over my shoulders, then hugged my neck hard. "You got yourself a lover yet?"

"There've been a few, down in Manchester. Never lived with them, though. The family house is so big I have lots of privacy and—"

"Don't gimme that shit. You just ain't been in love yet. Jes' wait, it'll happen. Somebody good-lookin', bright, funny—all the things you are. It'll happen." He took another swig, put the bottle down, looked at me, into me, then turned away. "I see them eyes o' yers, Bo, an' I get ideas—same ideas yer eyes are full of. But I ain't good for what you need. I don't even jerk off anymore. I don't even have wet dreams. Dried up, I guess. Dried up at forty-four." He smiled, his teeth blue-white in the moonlight.

I hadn't let his words in. I wouldn't believe him. I whispered, "I don't care if you can get it up or not. I want to sleep with you. I want to hold you and. . ."

"Comfort me?" He brushed my cheek. "No, thanks, Bo. Pity's no substitute for porkin'." He laughed.

"I loved you long before I ever heard of your getting beaten. Long before you drank yourself into a corner. I still love you."

He gripped my skull like an egg in his giant hands. "You sure are a persistent little bastard, ain't ya?" He grinned, then shoved his wide, thick tongue down my throat. I reeled from the sexual heat. He could have no cock at all and I would have settled for this kissing, for this drowning in his saliva, the rasping of his moustache. I ran my hands over a body that I'd watched and marveled at for twenty years—still hard and moist and furry, still what I wanted. He let go of one side of my skull and slid his fingers over my body. He clamped onto my nipple and pulled, hard. I held tight to his heaving back.

He let me go, wiped his mouth, downed more bourbon. "I just know I can't give you what you want. I—"

"This sucks, Mike. How do *you* know what the fuck I want? This might just be *enough*. How do you *know*?"

He handed me the bottle and sat more erect, impressed with my meeting him head-on. "Well, what *do* you want?" he [redacted]

"You. . .your terms. . .as long as I don't have to get as drunk as you do—as often."

He laughed, then hugged me close. "Yer a feisty sumbitch, ain'tcha? How do you know you can take my terms? I play rough. Least I used to. When I played, I played!" He ran his fingers over me face, studying me, wondering, considering. Then he took my hand and we walked back to his garage.

In the rear section, the floor is wooden and littered with tires, bike pumps, bottle caps, empty whiskey bottles, and assorted junk. But in the middle of all this is an open space, where Mike works on the cars. He lit four glass-jar candles and put them around the "clearing." Then he reached behind a work bench and, from an old chest, pulled out a huge canvas drop cloth.

"This ain't been used in years."

The tarp was clean but old, and there were black spots of old blood. . .his own.

He spread it out on the floor. A shudder went through me. I wasn't sure if it was from craving him, fearing him, or pitying him for what those bloodstains symbolized—ten years of limbo.

"You cold? Huh? You okay?"

"I'm fine, Mike."

"Good. Strip. Everything but your socks and boots."

I dropped my clothes in a clump. I stood before him, my hard eight-incher curving up into the air.

He walked over to me, grabbed my cock, squeezed it hard, and said, "Lay down, face up."

I lay back on the tarp and watched him strip. Dense black hairs almost obscured his thick chest and flat belly. As he undid his pants, he watched my eyes, enjoying my hungry look. His arm muscles rippled as he tore open his jeans and dropped them to the floor. His long, fat cock flapped around over a loose satchel. His left ball was huge compared to his right one, as if ten years of cum were stored there. He saw my eyes run to his engorged globe and said, "Battle wound. Never went down."

He strode toward me and stood spread-legged over my head, like a mighty colossus. His ass hairs glowed bushy red in the candlelight spilling between his legs. He looked down at me. "Once we start this game, we go till we drop. You ready?"

I nodded. I was too dazzled by his beauty—and his stance—to speak, afraid I'd break the enchantment, or worse, awaken myself.

"Open yer mouth. Stick out yer tongue."

I did as I was told, and he lowered himself onto me, smothering me in funky smells. And tastes.

"Oh, babe. . .that's good. So good. . .open me up. . .get that fuckin' tongue in me."

I opened his hole wider, licking, sucking, probing, and I felt his flesh forgetting the years of regret and remorse and neglect. Still, he wasn't hard. His apple-sized left ball banged into my face, and his limp cock seeped silvery promises. His body was harder, heavier, and hairier than I had imagined, had ever dared to hope—he was perfect.

He smiled down at me. "Yer a sight, babe. Lookit that donkey dong of yers, salutin' yer man. Gimme it."

He squatted down and swallowed my cock. His mouth was so hot and wet. He nursed my bobbing boner and twirled my balls in his fingers. He hummed in approval as I thrashed about. Then he slid his mouth up to the tip of my cock and bit hard at the head. I yelled, and he pulled off.

"Gotta slow you down. Gotta get more mileage outa that plow."

I was dazed from the pain but I wanted to extend our encounter as much as he did.

He reached for a lube can and squeezed the trigger, then slid his hands slowly over my cock. The grease made it look like an eel—a black, shiny, throbbing sea serpent. He squirted my hand, then squatted over my face and parted his ass.

"Grease yer man's hole. Get it in there good. Yeah, both fingers. Grease it way up in there. Another finger now. Slide it in. That's it. Yeah, churn around in there. Grease it up."

His inner walls swelled open for me, as his big ball slapped against my palm. His powerful butt was wide open, ready to be entered again. He stood and turned to face me. His cock was still dripping, still not hard. My boner, on the other hand, was raring to go.

"Good. . .stay good and hard. I'm gonna fuck myself with yer cock."

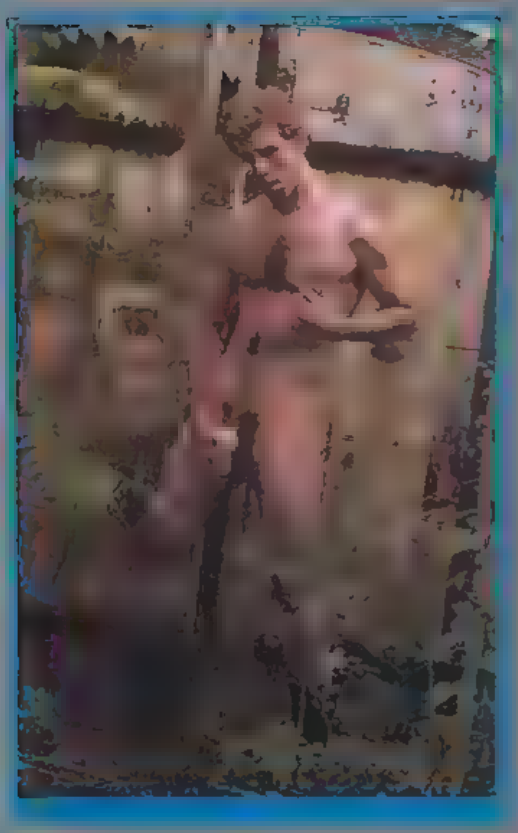
He turned his back and lowered himself onto me, reaching behind himself to grab my loaded pistol and aim it at his hole. He

Continued to page 70

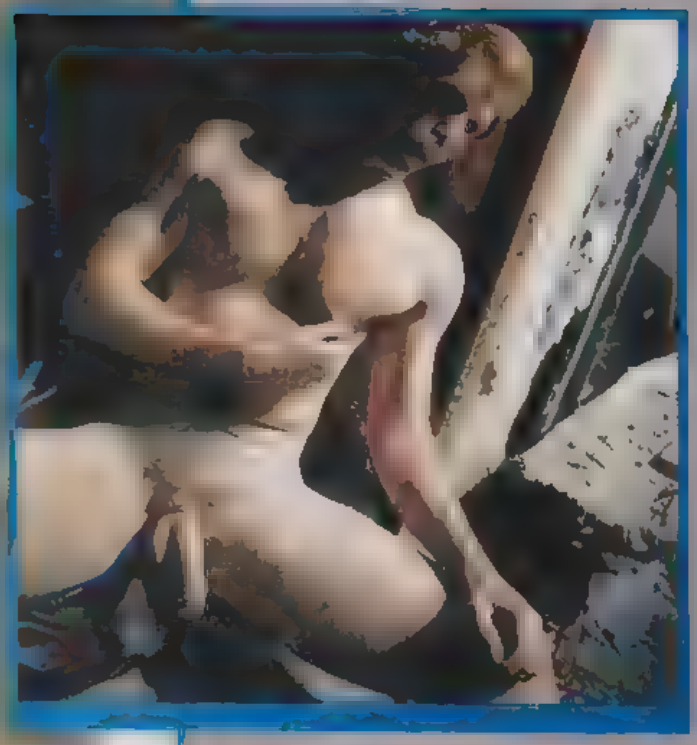
FINDERS KEEPERS

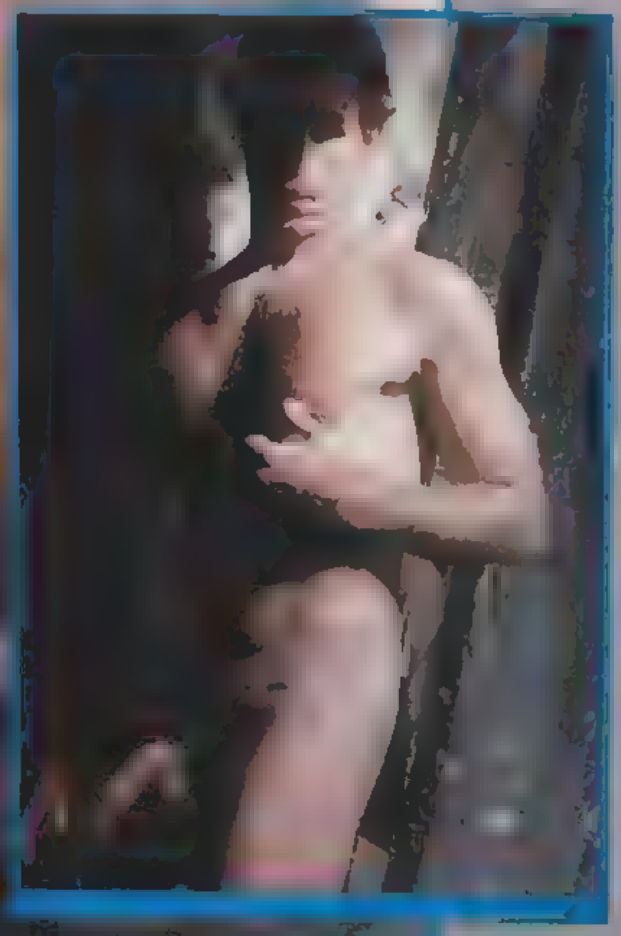
You can never be sure where you'll find Mr. Right.

Section photographed by Richard Henry



Of course if Mr. Right isn't around, Mr. Available will do just fine.





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ACAPULCO HUSTLE

Continued from page 48

away from the place. He lumbered from the bed and started to dress. Armando handed garments to him so he could hurry. Finally they were ready to go, pausing at the door only long enough for Armando to pat down Richard's pillow-rumpled hair. Then wordlessly they went down the stairs, past the big woman knitting at the desk and out to the street. Armando walked briskly and Richard followed a step or two behind.

Tonio was not at his table in the restaurant. Armando questioned the proprietress anxiously and then headed for the nearby park. Richard could hardly keep up with him, and he stumbled a couple of times on gaps in the sidewalk. They saw Tonio sitting on a bench near the entrance of the park, still holding the empty pop bottle. He looked rumpled, grimy, and sleepy.

Armando hurried to him and started to scold. The boy whined in protest. Richard, listening, heard the word "papá" repeated several times.

He touched Armando's arm. "Su hijo?"

A pause. Armando nodded. "Sí. Mi hijo."

"La madre? Donde?"

This brought an explosive answer, spoken so rapidly and in such detail that Richard could make little sense of it. Gestures confused things even more. Richard decided to drop the subject. Obviously the child's mother was not around.

"Me voy," Richard said. It was certainly time to leave.

"Mañana?" Armando asked hopefully.

"Imposible." Richard said firmly.

Armando took his arm. "Taxi," he said and led the way to a street just off the Frontera where cabs were waiting. Armando held the door of one open for Richard, then spoke to the driver and gave him some coins. Richard noted with amusement that Armando received bits of change even for this transaction.

As the cab pulled away, he looked back to see Armando and Tonio watching from the sidewalk. Armando, good-looking and somehow elegant in his T-shirt, barefooted little Tonio, stolid and petulant. The taxi plowed into the stream of traffic, and within a few minutes Richard was in front of his hotel. It seemed he had been away for a very long time.

He went up to his big, lushly carpeted and furnished room and immediately looked at himself in the mirror. He had had an adventure and he felt he should suffer some feelings of guilt and remorse about it. But already the incidents of the past hour seemed unreal. He studied his reflection for signs of depravity, but could detect none. He looked just as he always had. I am a hardened sinner, he told himself, but it hardly disturbed him. He went out on the balcony and looked at the vast curving sky and the birds that hung, scarcely moving, above the water. He glanced up and down the beach, for the first time enjoying what he was seeing. He stretched languidly on the bed. Watching the birds, just visible above the balcony railing, he went to sleep.

The next day was Richard's last in Acapulco. Tomorrow he would start for home, and his haven-like office on the tenth floor, Ellen and the boys, his quiet street and its elm trees. It was a good time to go. The weather was beginning to change. A long line of angry-looking clouds hung on the horizon, and the palms along the shore moved in a worried way. The big birds were gone from the sky. It bothered him that he hadn't gone fishing. "You were in Acapulco and you didn't go fishing?" A.J. would demand when he went into the office Monday. But he could blame it on the weather. "I was all set to go but had to cancel because a hurricane was on the way," he would tell A.J. "I was very disappointed, of course."

He went down into the lobby and then outside. He felt strangely exhilarated by the thought of the approaching storm. Scraps of paper and debris were tossed high over the traffic by the wind. He started down the sidewalk, but stopped abruptly after a few steps. There was Tonio sitting on a bench by a clump of palmettos. It was a Tonio considerably changed since yesterday, for his face was scrubbed and his hair was plastered neatly against his head. He was wearing a clean shirt and brand-new sneakers, and he was placidly chewing on a length of sugar cane and looking at a comic book spread on his lap.

Carefully Richard retraced his steps and went back into the hotel. In his room he went out on the balcony and looked along the beach. Despite the darkening skies the area still swarmed with tourist crowds. With his binoculars Richard searched along the shore—and there, just as he had expected, he saw Armando. The neat brown body, the head of curls—yes, there he was, talking to a potbellied man. He was standing knee deep in the restless water, moving his arms in graceful gestures, smiling his wide, white smile.

Richard left the balcony and put his binoculars away. He didn't want to know what the results of this encounter might be.

At least, he thought, the kid had shoes ■

THE REDEMPTION OF MIKE THE MULE

Continued from page 60

was the marksman and the mark . in control

He slid the head in, then pressed down, down, down to the bottom of my shaft He sighed and dropped his head back He writhed slowly on my cock, working it in circles inside his guts

I lunged I hammered into him, faster and faster I couldn't hold back I gripped tight to his huge shoulders and gasped, "Coming—I'm coming!" BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bursts of cock-pudding poured out of me and into Mike

"Yeah!" he yelled "Oh, yeah! Gimme it Shoot that cock soup into me. Spit it up there. Ahhhhhhh!" He shuddered and bucked and squirmed with delight Then slowly he rotated on my cock until he was facing me again

Hard! His fucking ten-inch cock was hard!

"Lookit whatcha done, babe! Lookit watcha done for me. Lookit that porker! You did that! With that fuckin' magic wand o' yers. Now I want that pretty butt o' yers Spread wide, babe. Yer man's gonna fuck hell outa ya!"

He quickly coated his cock with axle grease. His shiny-black sea serpent bobbed, throbbed, danced, and waved And then plunged

Stars burst in my eyes as his balls slammed against mine. I ached. But I wanted more. He slid his tongue out and let saliva drip down to me. I drank his spit, savored it, as his cock slid slowly, way in, way out. He bent further and put his lips to mine and skewered my ass with his feverish fucking.

Then suddenly he tore out of me, squatted above my face, and rammed his cock into my mouth I gagged and nursed and sucked. Long ribbons of pent-up cum sprayed into me

Mike gasped and moaned and heaved—and most of all, he sobbed He hugged my head and humped my mouth, and *still* his cock was hard Still there was more in him He slid out of my mouth and rammed his cock back into my asshole. Deep into my body he went, cradling me in his arms, kissing my face, my chest, licking my armpits, chewing my nipples.

I rode with him, and sobbed with him.

We flailed and howled and fucked like dogs. I gripped tight to him and slammed my ass against his hairy groin. We thrashed and rubbed against one another, until I could feel his cockbush rubbing my balls into another climax. I shoved my tongue into his mouth and moaned, sobbed, and gagged as I shot all over his belly. I felt his cockhead swelling deep inside me. He was coming again, too!

Our bodies pistoned in a fury of synchronized savagery, until we had drained ourselves, utterly. We were a mass of sweat, tears, spit, grease, and bourbon. Mike smelled as I had always wanted him to smell . just this way.

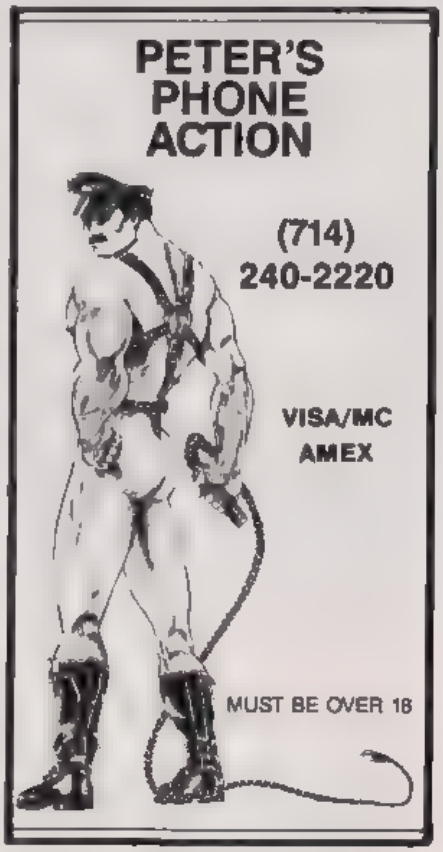
He whispered into my ear, "You brought me back. Oh, Bo, hold me. Don't let go."

I slid my sweaty hands over his greasy skin and tightened my legs around his waist He slid his hands under my butt, his cock still inside me, still hard

We showered upstairs, then went back for the candles. We put them around Mike's big, hand-carved bed and slipped between the sheets. We slept all day Sunday. When we woke up, about four, both of us were sporting hard-ons. We took care of them We took care of each other.

The irony of Mike's redemption is that no one will ever know how it came about—except us. I moved in with Mike and people gave his new housemate credit for stopping him from drinking so much. But they never knew *why* he had stopped I was seen—*am* seen—simply as the restorer of their monument to maleness.

How right they are. ■



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One Night In Berlin

Continued from page 51

about the journals, I raced over to my uncle's condo.

Rambling through room after elegantly furnished, treasure-laden room, I couldn't believe that it was all mine—love wasn't the only thing my penurious family had denied me. I found the journals all neatly and chronologically arranged in the oak-paneled study, a separate volume for each year, starting in 1929.

The first two were, well, boring—the confused ramblings of a poor little rich boy who felt stifled by his small-town Massachusetts upbringing. I started to skim. 1931 got more interesting. He inherited some money from his grandfather in April of that year, and as soon as school was finished, he moved to New York, causing a great scandal in the family. (Sounds familiar, I thought.) I was surprised to find that Henry was lonely in New York and didn't like living in the city. There was a hilarious complaint about several "brash young ladies" who propositioned him repeatedly. He must have been a real looker, I thought.

That summer, he left New York in disgust, planning to settle in London. He liked the British capital so much that he decided to emigrate. As soon as he was installed in a comfortable flat, he embarked on a tour of the Continent. By the time he went to Paris, I realized that I was hanging on every word. The entries were very well written, and young Henry's accounts of daily life in the Europe of the early thirties were fascinating. Then came the clincher: After visiting Brussels and Amsterdam, he went to Berlin. Here's what he wrote about his first day there:

"BERLIN: August 23rd, 1931. I am actually writing this entry the following day, rather than before retiring as is my habit, but this could not be helped. This was a very important day for me, and I wish to record it in detail. I spent most of the day suffering on a horribly overcrowded, but thankfully direct, train from Amsterdam to Zoo Station here in Berlin. When I arrived, I found the city as insufferably crowded and hot as the train. And as I took in the panorama of thousands of Germans going about their business, the fact that I spoke no German suddenly reared up as a major threat to my well-being. I made my way to the main entrance and went outside into the gathering twilight. At the taxi stand, I called out for any driver who spoke English. Presently, I found one, and after a brief discussion about my need of an economical but clean lodging house, we were on our way. Upon arrival, I checked in and paid for one week's stay. The room was small but adequate. I hastily unpacked, washed, and set out to find a café.

"The neighbourhood in which I found myself was disappointing indeed. Although close to the centre of the city, it housed some of Berlin's poorest citizens in absolutely squalid conditions. I made a mental note to seek lodgings in a more agreeable quarter of the city for the remainder of my stay.

"Presently I came upon a shop-front garish red in colour, with a small hammer and sickle painted on the front door, which was open. I knew that this was the symbol of communist Russia, and that it was often used by communists outside of the Soviet Union. Intrigued, I looked inside. It appeared to be a coffee house, and a number of earnest-looking people, mostly young, were arguing among themselves at the various tables. I noticed a menu on a chalkboard, the prices very reasonable indeed. Thinking to myself how aghast my staunchly anti-communist father would be if he knew, I boldly marched in and took the last remaining table, which was near the entrance to the kitchen at the back of the room.

"I felt very nervous and unsure of myself. This was the first time I had ventured out in Berlin, and I could not be sure that even one person in the coffee house would understand English. I looked around furtively. The other customers, arguing and gesticulating among themselves, paid no attention to me at all. My gaze came to rest upon the group at the next table. I was shocked to find an astonishingly handsome young man with dark-brown hair and deep-blue eyes unabashedly staring at me. He nodded to me, and I did the same. We continued to stare, my heart racing as I took note of his appealing features.

"Just then, an ear-shattering crash pierced the air as a brick sailed through the large front window, destroying it completely. A lady shrieked in pain when she was hit in the head by the airborne brick, blood gushed from the wound. Instantly the room was in pandemonium. Several people sitting near the front windows suffered cuts from glass shards, and they were screaming. Then a gang of about a dozen burly and thuggish-looking men, some wielding sticks or pieces of pipe, burst into the café and began to attack the patrons. No-one was to be spared, it seemed. I immediately got up and tried to figure out an escape route. A brown-shirted man wearing a Nazi swastika armband lunged toward me, yelling as he swung a piece of lead pipe. The weapon grazed my left shoulder, but then a hand grabbed mine and pulled me through the kitchen door. Thinking quickly, I slammed the door shut, as hard as I could, on the pursuing Nazi. I was rewarded with a very satisfying thud as the heavy door made contact with my attacker's head. Without a backward glance, I ran out the rear exit, following the others.

"It was very dark in the back alley, and I feared that perhaps the thugs would have another group waiting back there. This did not turn out to be the case, however, for there was no-one in the alley save myself and three radical communist Berliners, who were speaking rapidly among themselves. To my great joy and relief, I noticed among them the handsome dark-haired man from the table beside me. He spoke to me in rapid German, and I made an I-don't-know shrug as a response. He then said something to the other two—a man and a lady—and they muttered goodbyes (at least that's what it seemed like) and ran down the alley.

"My friend tapped my chest and signalled me to follow him, which I did. We ran in the opposite direction of the other two and turned down another dark alley, and were shortly out on a different street. Still running, we crossed the street and entered another series of alleys and small residential streets. I was completely lost and shaken up from the incident at the café. One thing I knew, however: I desperately wanted to stay with this man. And to think we hadn't even exchanged a word!

"We finally stopped after about ten blocks, under a railway bridge, which was well lit. My German friend looked around as if to get his bearings. Seeing him under the light, I found my heart racing and my loins stirring, and I felt a powerful surge of what can only be described as lust, pure and simple. I then knew exactly what I wanted: to lie with him and make love to him. As soon as I came to that conclusion, a wave of guilt and shame washed over me. Such behaviour was morally repugnant, not to mention against the law! Yet I felt that he was similarly inclined in his desire—I don't know why. I decided right then and there that if he was partial to engaging in sexual relations with me, then I would gladly throw caution to the wind and partake. I wondered if that would mean I was no longer a virgin—did having sex with a man count?

"I was snapped out of my brief reverie by another tap on the chest and another signal to follow. As we walked he started to speak to me—I suppose he hadn't realized that I wasn't German. I shrugged again and said, 'I don't understand,'—in English, French, and Spanish. Somehow, with a lot of gestures, I managed to convey that I was a visiting American.

"He broke out into a big, charming smile, put one hand on his chest, and held the other out to shake mine. 'Me Franz,' he announced, his strong white teeth glinting in the lamplight.

"I shook his hand and said, 'I'm Henry.' "

"We just looked at one another for a few more seconds. Then, to my complete surprise, he put his arm around my shoulder and left it there! I must admit that I felt rather uncomfortable walking down the street with a man's arm around my shoulder, but more strongly than anything else, I felt delight.

"We came to the corner of a dingy little street and stopped. He dropped his arm and turned around to stand in front of me, placing one hand on my shoulder. He smiled and made eating gestures. I had forgotten my hunger. I nodded my head vigourously in assent. We passed several tall tenement-style buildings and stopped upon reaching a three-storey townhouse, the second floor apartment of which we then proceeded to enter. It was surprisingly large inside, and a staircase suggested that the third floor was also included. It was also rather ill-cared-for and crowded—in the walk down the corridor I noted six people, and there were three more in the kitchen. I wondered if all of them lived there. The apartment walls were completely covered with posters and slogans, evidently announcing the communist affiliations of the members of the household. Franz bade me sit down on the bench behind the table and started to speak rapidly to the others, explaining, I imagine, the incident at the café and who I was. Needless to say, they were horrified. A large bowl of soup and a plate of black bread appeared before me, and I thanked the smiling lady who proferred it. Franz left the kitchen, no doubt to recount the story to the rest of the household. I ate my soup (which wasn't very good) and gave up trying to figure out what my companions were saying.

"After a short time, Franz returned, with a singularly odious-looking creature in tow. My friend's breathtaking beauty stood out ever more sharply beside the poor wretch. Franz made the birdlike man sit across from me. I understood the words 'Henry' and 'America' and realized that he was introducing me. The new arrival bobbed his head up and down and smiled; little bits of saliva sputtered out of the corners of his mouth. I cringed inwardly when he held out his hand to me; I shook it gingerly.

" 'I'm Herbert Rathskellar, secretary of the Berlin Workers' Movement,' he said in accented but otherwise excellent English.

" 'I'm Henry Renforth, from Haverhill, Massachusetts.'

"Rathskeller informed me that Franz and some of the others were going back to the café to see what had happened. Then he began to pepper me with questions about the state of 'The Party' and 'The Movement' in America. A sinking feeling came over me. I was certain that I had completely misread Franz. He had obviously assumed that I was a fellow communist from America, and that was why he was being so hospitable. No wonder he'd foisted Rathskellar on me! I was crestfallen, not to mention terribly ashamed for having read such lewd and lascivious thoughts into earnest young Franz's behavior. But I decided that it would be impolite simply to leave, especially after eating. So I muttered a few words about the labour situation in America, how I agreed that Hoover was the devil incarnate, and so on. To my relief, that was all the encouragement Mr. Rathskellar needed. For he then proceeded to launch into a protracted monologue on all manner of political and social evils facing the world today. All I had to do was nod my head from time to time. Every now and then I would hear a noise and look to the kitchen door in the hopes that it was Franz returning—I couldn't get him out of my mind.

"After what seemed like hours, Franz's smiling face appeared at the door of the kitchen. My heart leapt in my chest. I felt extremely foolish, as all I could do was smile like an idiot. Franz informed me—through Rathskellar—that everything was under control at the café, the police having been brought in and the injured hospitalized. He was certain, however, that the Nazis would go unpunished, as they continued to win support from ever more Germans.

"Then Franz, smiling once again, sat down beside me and began to speak to Rathskellar. I tried to concentrate on what they were saying to see if I could understand, but my right leg was pressed against the warmth of Franz's left leg, and that simple, innocent gesture was sending waves of erotic desire through my entire body. I felt myself sinking ever deeper into the jaws of perversion, and I tried to scold myself, but there was no denying that I wanted Franz, that I yearned for him. I wanted to seduce him; I knew that I was going to try. Strangely, as soon as I admitted that to myself, I felt deliciously wicked and free.

"After a few minutes, Rathskellar and Franz turned to me, both smiling—rather mischievously, I thought. Rathskellar cleared his throat: 'Young Franz here tells me that he is quite fond of you and is delighted to have a fellow socialist from America in his home. He would like to offer you some hashish, and suggests that you go to his room to smoke, as some of the other housemates disapprove.'

"I looked from Rathskellar to Franz, who was staring at me like an eager puppy. I had no idea what hashish was. I even asked Rathskellar if he was certain that that was the correct English word. He insisted that it was. I was also puzzled as to why we would need to retire to Franz's room to smoke, as many people on this floor appeared to be smokers. I haven't much use for cigarettes myself, but I decided that if Franz wanted me to smoke in his room, I'd gladly puff away a whole carton.

" 'That sounds delightful, Herbert. Tell him yes,' I said, wondering once again what hashish was, but too proud to ask.

"Franz became ecstatic when Rathskellar translated. The two of them continued to joke and laugh as we got up, and I'm certain that I saw Rathskellar wink at Franz—who giggled nervously—just as we were leaving. I was surprised that Rathskellar stayed in the kitchen, I was certain that he would come along to translate. I went weak at the knees when Franz put his strong arm around my shoulder and led me upstairs to his room.

"It was quiet on the third floor. Franz led me to his room, a tiny, crowded chamber measuring no more than six feet by nine feet—I'm sure that it was originally meant as a closet. We sat on the bed, which, conveniently, I thought, was the only uncluttered surface in the room—floor included. The only light was from a small, weak reading lamp on the bedside table. Franz looked absolutely ravishing as he fidgeted

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with a small colourful box. I couldn't keep my eyes off him. He plucked out a small, dark putty-like object and then an unusual-looking pipe. He looked at me and smiled. 'Is goot,' I remember him saying as he lifted the putty thing to my nose.

" 'Hashish?' I asked.

" 'Ya. Turc. Goot, goot,' he said, nodding his head.

"At that moment the penny dropped, so to speak. I realized that this was some sort of drug, like opium, I imagined. I'd heard stories about opium dens in China. I felt excited and scared at the same time as Franz lit a match and prepared to light the hashish. I briefly wondered if I wouldn't lose control under the effects of the drug and lunge upon poor Franz with all of my carnal desires.

"I watched carefully as he held the pipe to his mouth, lit the hashish in the bowl, and inhaled deeply. It was my turn then. I timidly took the pipe and put it in my mouth. Needless to say, I coughed up a storm with the first puff. Franz slapped my back and soon my coughing fit ended, but I was quite embarrassed.

"Eventually, though, I got the hang of it and was soon feeling the euphoric effects of that wonderful stuff. (I must try to buy some for myself!) Franz produced a bottle of red wine from his nightstand, but after he opened it we both started to giggle when we realized there were no glasses. Franz muttered something in German, handed me the bottle, and stood up. My eyes focused on his pants, where I saw a very appealing bulge. I looked up at his face and discovered that he was watching me. He looked deeply into my eyes, as though he could see right to my brain and knew exactly what I was thinking. I felt myself blushing. I just wanted to hide. The euphoria of the drug intensified my feeling of embarrassment. To my surprise, Franz broke into another of his charming grins. I felt even worse.

"He held up one finger. 'Minuten,' he said, and dashed out of the room.

"I was certain that Franz was on to my game, and my courage for seducing him evaporated. I wondered if he had gone to bring Mr. Rathskellar up to give me a scolding and send me on my way.

"Presently Franz returned with two wine glasses—and no Rathskellar. I felt a most uncomfortable combination of desire and shame. Sitting down just inches away from me this time, he burst into another beautiful smile, which caused my face to flush again. But then he raised his right hand to my face and caressed my hot cheek. He muttered a few words, then went about the business of serving the wine. I was on cloud nine. I *knew* that he knew now, and I *knew* that he wanted what I wanted. I rapidly developed a full erection as I watched him pour.

When we were about half finished with our wine (we were both gulping it), Franz suddenly put his glass down and stared at me intently. I noticed that his breath had started to come more quickly, and it suddenly occurred to me that he was as intensely aroused as I—a fact in my favour that I had not previously even considered! He slowly reached out a big, tanned hand and began caressing my thigh. When he shifted position to get a bit closer, I noticed that he had an enormous erection. I was practically beside myself with lust by then. I brought my hand down and placed it on top of his, putting my wine down with the other. My heart was beating so rapidly and loudly, I felt certain that he could hear it. We stared at each other for a little while, our lust mounting with each passing second. I have no recollection of how much time went by—it's all one happy blur now—but soon enough our lips met. Never having experienced making love to someone before, I was surprised at how much *more* desire could be released by the actual commencement of lovemaking.

"Franz eventually started to fumble with my clothing. Due to the heat, I wasn't wearing a tie, which made things easier. Within a minute our shirts were off. Franz's torso was a marvel. I hadn't realized how muscular he was. We kissed some more and I ran my hands over the soft, flawless skin of his back and broad shoulders while he did the same to me. Then he started to undo my belt and unbutton my fly. This proved a bit cumbersome for him, so he gave up and grabbed onto my totally erect penis through the pants material, moaning as he did so. I found that incredibly erotic, and the pressure of his hand nearly caused me to ejaculate right then—something I didn't want to happen so soon. So I stopped kissing him and began removing my pants, socks, and shoes. He did the same.

"Naked, he was even more exciting than I had imagined. His large penis stood straight up, almost touching his stomach. I wanted so much to kiss it. He had a largish patch of dark pubic hair, which tapered off to a fine line ending at his bellybutton. His testicles were large, too, the sac rather dark in colour. He spoke softly in German, and seemed very excited by my body—which, I suppose I must admit, is quite masculine and attractive, though not quite as muscled as his. We were soon locked in embrace once again; it felt even better without clothes.

"Franz began to kiss me all over. Wave after wave of pleasure engulfed me as he kissed and licked my face, neck, chest, and stomach. My hands slipped off his broad shoulders and up to the curly mass of hair on his head. He kissed my penis, then took it in one hand, pointed it upwards, and plunged it into his hot, wet mouth. I couldn't believe the sensation! Masturbation had never felt that good! When he started to move his head up and down, I found it excruciatingly pleasurable. Shortly thereafter I lost control and began thrusting up into him, ever deeper. I felt my orgasm building. Its slow, steady rise in intensity caused me to pump ever more furiously. Then, amidst my panting and moaning, came the most powerful ejaculation I've ever felt. Spurt after spurt of my semen sent shivers and chills throughout my body, while Franz greedily sucked and slurped every drop. I was completely spent. While I got my breath back, Franz continued lightly to kiss my penis and testicles.

"Once I was back to normal, I propped myself up on my elbows and looked down at Franz. He looked up and gave me the most delightful smile I've ever seen. Then he moved up alongside me. He pressed his body against mine, and his hard, hot member soon caused mine to stir once more to erection. It was my turn to kiss him all over, I remember deciding. Eagerly I made my way down his neck, chest, and stomach just as he'd done to me. He even *tasted* wonderful! I found the whole process terribly exciting, and by the time I reached his mound of pubic hair, I was fully erect again. There was a peculiar odour around his genitals, one which I realized would normally offend me; but in this case, it served to stimulate me even further, almost to the point of orgasm by the time I made contact with the wet, sticky head of his beautiful penis. Franz was moaning his pleasure and thrashing about as I sucked on him. I took as much of him into my mouth as I could, and several times I gagged, but I wanted him to ejaculate into my mouth. In due course, he did, and I gamely swallowed as much of his delicious semen as I could.

"We ended up making love all night long—or so it seemed! As I sit here in my singularly wretched (and hot) hotel room on this afternoon of the 24th, all I can think about is Franz. He has invited me—through the kind and understanding Mr. Rathskellar—to stay with him. It goes without saying that I have agreed, and I must end this epic entry now and pack my things. Berlin suddenly looks wonderful to me!"

What a surprise that "epic" entry was! Before that, Uncle Henry had carefully avoided making *any* references to sex. As I read the rest of his journals, I grew to know and love my uncle, though I deeply regretted his timidity.

A sad note: Henry stayed in Berlin for three-and-one-half years, during which time he and Franz were inseparable. But early in 1935, Franz was arrested in a late-night roundup by the Nazis of all known communists and socialists. Henry was

Continued to page 88

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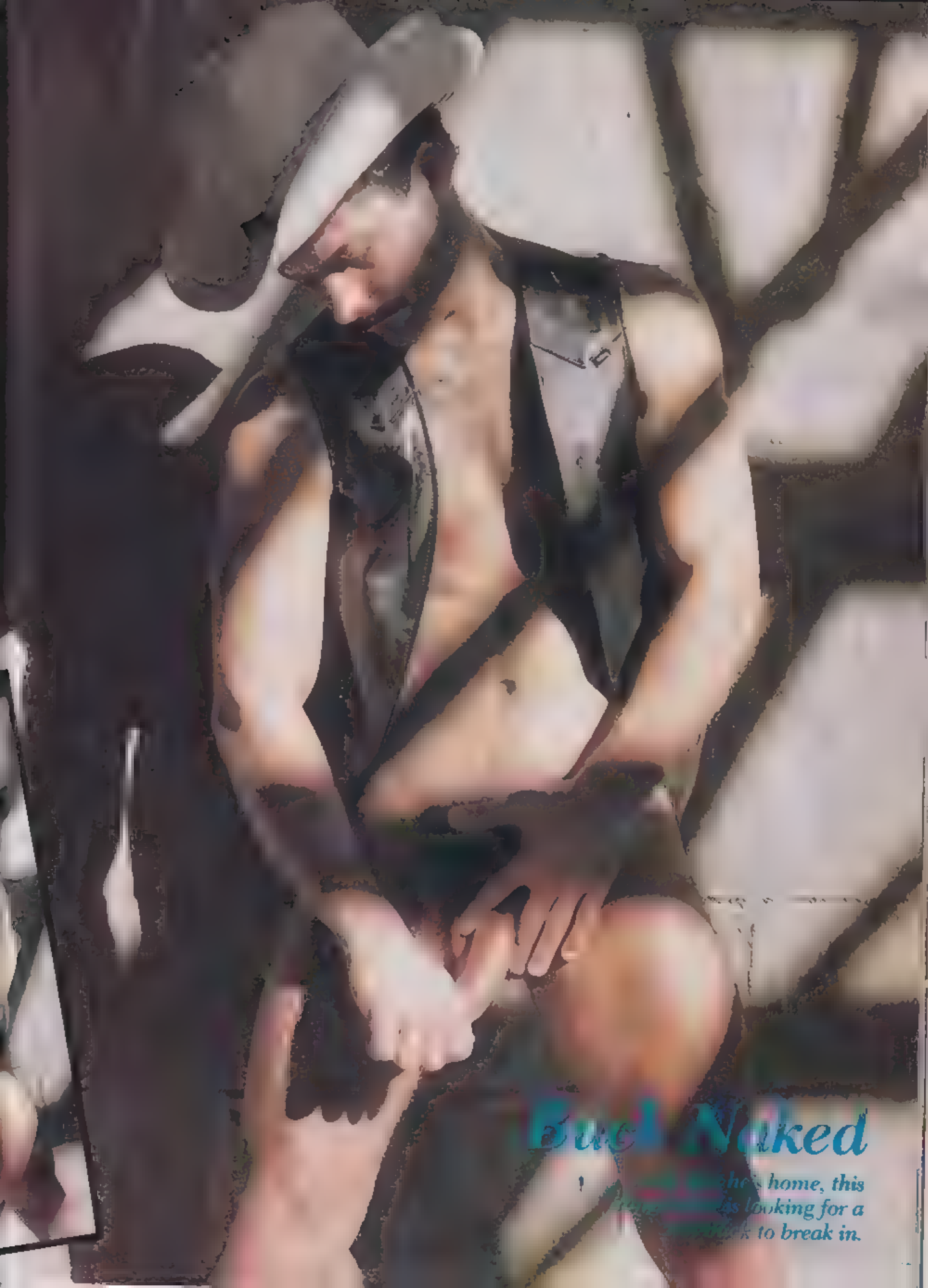
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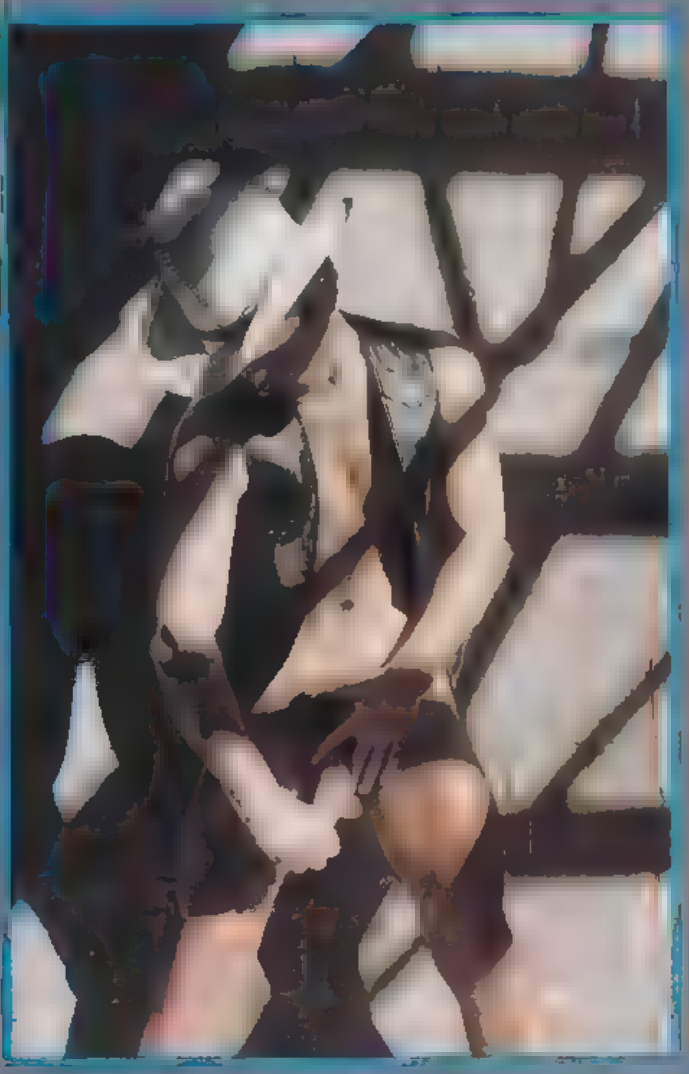

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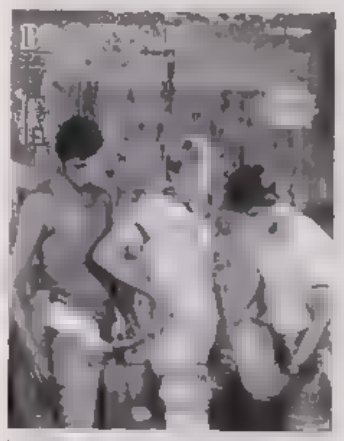

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One Night In Berlin

Continued from page 76

urged by friends not to inquire, lest the police determine Franz's homosexuality. About a month later, though, Henry was arrested on charges of "reciprocal onanism," listing Franz as the proof.

So they'd found out anyway.

Henry flatly denied it, but only the swift work of the American Ambassador—who was given 24 hours to get him out of the country—saved Henry from internment in a concentration camp. Henry continued to write to friends in Berlin from London, then later from New York, finally giving up in 1949. After the arrest, no one ever again heard of Franz. By all guesses, he died in a hard-labor camp, with a pink triangle sewn to his striped uniform. ■

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RUSSIAN ROULETTE

Continued from page 39

Brian pushed Yuri back into his seat, knelt between the Russian's thick, muscled legs, and pounced on the big, cum-dripping manmeat. Yuri had the kind of dick most guys only dream of finding, so Brian made damn sure he treated it right. Long, fat, and heavily-veined, it was a rock-hard column of flesh pulsing with life and oozing sweet-tasting man juice—a real two-hander. Brian practically got lockjaw getting his mouth around it. But he seemed to do okay because in no time Yuri was thrashing from side to side as Brian face-fucked his dick, yanked his bull-balls, and finger-fucked his ass.

"Ah. Ah. Ah!" Muscles tensed in bold relief, Yuri bucked like a rodeo bronc when he came. His nuts gave a sudden snap, and his cock spewed wad after wad of tasty, creamy Russian cum.

Revved up and raring to go, Brian wasn't about to stop now. He quickly stripped off his clothes, plastered some lube on his cock, and hoisted the PT instructor's ass into the air. Pressing his cockhead against the exposed rosette, he chuckled, "Time to work on those stretch marks!"

"Yes! Fuck me, Comrade! Fuck me!"

Brian fucked him, all right. Tenderness would come later. Two weeks of enforced celibacy erupted into an orgy of unbridled, crazed-animal fucking. Brian was mean and brutal, pounding his aching dick into Yuri's tight—damn, was he tight!—muscled ass time and time again. What an ass! A beautiful, satin-smooth grip on Brian's sizzling cock, tight as a greased palm. It was beautiful, absolutely fucking beautiful! It was—"Oh fuck, yes! Yeah! Ah! AH! AHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Shoot, Comrade! Shoot! Fill me with your—YES-S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S!"

Spent after his body-shattering orgasm, Brian had barely pulled out when Yuri caught his second wind, got up, and smothered him with kisses.

"Stop, Yuri, stop," pleaded Brian, half-heartedly. "God, if this is the meaning of detente, give me more."

"I'll give you more," promised Yuri. "I'll give you more Russian cock right up your hot American ass!"

Grinning like a Cheshire cat, Brian bent over and offered the twin globes of his dimpled ass. "Are you going to talk or are you going to fuck?"

"Fuck! Da, going to fuck!" And fuck he did, for what seemed like hours. He was inexhaustable, a human pile driver.

And then Brian fucked Yuri again. And chewed his tits. And played with his balls. And

Brian, who until meeting Yuri had cursed the long, cold Russian nights, found himself wishing this particular night would never end. And later, wrapped in Yuri's strong arms in the wide lower berth, with Yuri's amazing horsedick pressed against the crack of his ass, he couldn't help thinking that Russia was getting better and better all the time.

Who needs a hot, sun-drenched tropical beach and bronzed sea-gods when a humpy PT instructor can be had in a cozy compartment on the Trans-Siberian Express, he thought. Maybe that scuzzy little travel agent knew what he was talking about after all. Hell, at least there was one Russian who wanted to show him a good time.

"Uh-oh. *Again*, Yuri?" ■

Show Off

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Section photographed by Naakkve

Show Off

Showdown

Show Off

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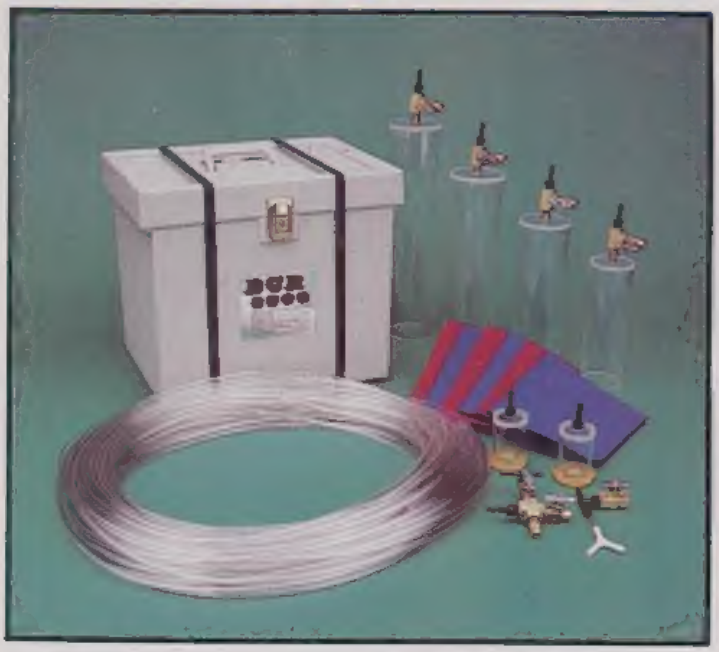

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